

America

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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PERIODICAL

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DETROIT

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—from the business office

Dear Reader

You hardly need this reminder. But February is Catholic Press Month — a time devoted to widening the circulation of Catholic newspapers and periodicals.

Next Sunday, or shortly thereafter, your pastor will probably discuss this important topic from his pulpit and talk to you at some length about the chief function of Catholic journalism — which is, to bring about more knowledge and more acceptance of Christian ideas and principles by more and more men — Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

In many dioceses throughout the United States there will be skillfully organized drives to build up the readership of local diocesan newspapers. This drive is aimed, of course, chiefly at Catholics.

And so this column is happy to recommend that you become a subscriber to your own diocesan newspaper — not only a subscriber, but an assiduous reader — because, when it gives you religious news, especially news about your own home town or region, it is offering a service and meeting a need that neither the secular newspaper nor the nationally circulated Catholic periodical can supply.

Catholic journalism has two functions: one function is to report the news; the other is to evaluate the news in the light of Christian principles. In practice, these two functions are best served by a loose division between local newspaper and national review: the Catholic newspaper reports Catholic news — and mainly to Catholics; the weekly review (and here we mean *America*) evaluates news — all news, secular even more than purely religious — for everybody and anybody who is interested.

And so we make another recommendation: If, during this Catholic Press month, you have highly resolved to lend a hand to spreading the influence of Christian ideas and principles, we recommend that you do it specifically by helping to enlarge the influence of *America*.

America's paid circulation is now over 32,000 (we'll be publishing our sworn ABC report soon, and giving you the exact figures). Thirty-two thousand is high for *America* — the highest it has ever been. But this figure is low, much too low, compared with what it should be and to what it ought to be to accomplish its apostolic purpose — which is (in the Holy Father's recent words of praise for *America*) to "analyze in a careful and scholarly manner the complex issues of the day and point to the solution offered for them by the principles of Christian philosophy".

Just about the time you read this column, you (and every other *America* subscriber) will get a letter from this office suggesting that one of the best ways (also, one of the pleasantest, easiest, and financially cheapest ways) to widen the area and impact of Christian principles is to send *America* for a short while to some of your friends who do not know *America*.

We are offering a special 4-month introductory subscription for \$1.00 (\$1.20 in Canada and elsewhere). And we urge you to send this subscription to several of your friends — say, four or five of them. This short term trial will serve to introduce your friends to *America*, give them a chance to become acquainted, to read it and come to like it and benefit by it, as you do.

There's a coupon on the inside back cover of this issue. We urge you to use it. You will benefit doubly, for you will be supplying your friends with something that they perhaps need and will certainly value, and you will be making a tangible and very practical contribution to the main purpose of Catholic Press Month.

The Business Office

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"Whom the gods would destroy"

Six days after the Ford Motor Company cut prices on all its models about one per cent on the average, "to halt the insane spiral of mounting costs and rising prices," no other major car producer had moved to follow suit. Neither had the steel industry. Reaction of General Motors to the Ford initiative was to boast in newspaper advertisements that Chevrolet is today the lowest-priced car, and to announce price increases in various models in the Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac lines. . . . From Miami, Florida, where the executive board of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters was in session, President Daniel J. Tobin wired to Senator Robert Taft that his organization was "bitterly opposed" to establishing a government tribunal to settle jurisdictional disputes among unions. "This is a prerogative and right of labor," read the telegram, "and labor claims the just right to settle its own affairs in the future as it has done in the past." There was no reference to the jurisdictional war between the AFL Teamsters and the CIO Brewery Workers. . . . Charles E. Wilson, President of General Motors, told the United States Conference of Mayors meeting in Washington that the closed shop and industry-wide collective bargaining should be outlawed, said the former would result in state socialism and that the latter was totalitarian. . . . Meanwhile Soviet Russia bludgeoned her way to complete control over unwilling Poland, moved to consolidate her position in Hungary, saw her Fifth Column in Brazil make a strong showing at the polls. In the face of the greatest threat to human freedom since the fall of pagan Rome, the forces of democracy appeared confused and disunited. There was madness in the American air.

Newsprint and freedom

Freedom has different connotations for different people, and we don't mean the divergent definitions advanced by orthodox Stalinists as against defenders of Western democracy. Not that it should be so, but what a person considers to be his interest inevitably colors his outlook. Take the question of newsprint, the presence or absence of which can just as effectively determine the fate of a free press as does direct government censorship: so much so that in parts of Europe and elsewhere allocation of newsprint is the method used to keep down opposition papers. In this country, too, legitimate journalistic freedom is being endangered by shortage of newsprint and printing papers. While paper mills in the United States and Canada produce at 110 per cent of capacity, smaller papers and magazines are progressively restricted because they cannot get the paper they need at reasonable rates. The reason: about 200 big papers get 85 per cent of the output of newsprint available, while 17,000 others scramble for the remaining 15 per

cent. Under the pressure of such cutthroat competition the price of newsprint has gone from \$50 a ton in 1942 to \$84 in November, 1946, with increases continually occurring. To keep in existence, some papers pay twice as much as the regular market price. Smaller firms cannot get commitments from paper manufacturers, but live from issue to issue. Whole paper mills, and even forests, have been purchased by some journals just to strengthen their position—all in the name of freedom. Meanwhile the United States—meaning the big journals—uses two-thirds of the world's newsprint output, while Britain gets 77 per cent less than prewar, and the world as a whole 33 per cent less. For a while it looked as if the Senate Small Business Committee would give the situation a thorough airing, but certain Congressional forces seem opposed to letting the truth be known. At this point the comment of a British publisher deserves attention:

If this amount of newsprint is necessary to maintain the American way of life, then there can only be enough newsprint in the world for 200,000,000 democrats. The rest, I am afraid, will have to go totalitarian.

And there you have the Achilles heel of "free enterprise," as envisioned by monopolistic newsprint snatchers. The competition which is supposed to regulate it, unless supplemented by law and moral principle, ends up in monopoly. When that happens in the publishing and newspaper business, freedom of the press is over.

Federal aid to education in the 80th Congress

Among the hundreds of bills with which the 80th Congress was greeted, four (at this date) propose Federal aid for educational purposes. Two are Senate bills, introduced by Senator McCarran of Nevada and by Senator Aiken of Vermont. Two are House bills: H. R. 156, proposed on January 3 by Representative Richard J. Welch of California, and H. R. 140, proposed by Representative Stephen Pace of Georgia. Senator McCarran's bill is a teacher's subsidy of \$600 million a year to boost salaries. It would add 25 per cent to the first \$1,000 a year paid a teacher from State or local funds, 15 per cent to the second thousand, 10 per cent to the third, and 5 per cent to salaries between \$3,000 and \$4,000. The Aiken and Welch bills have in common the principle of Federal aid to public and non-public schools like. They differ on two points. The former authorizes an annual appropriation rising to \$1,200 million by 1952, while the latter starts at \$150 million annually and remains settled at \$250 million a year from 1950 onwards. The other difference is that whereas the Welch bill limits its benefits to the 33 States in need of Federal assistance for the maintenance of minimum educational standards, the Aiken bill authorizes aid to all the States.

Representative Pace's bill (H. R. 140) is the old NEA-sponsored Thomas-Hill-Taft bill of the last Congress. It is much like the Welch bill except that it excludes non-public schools from its benefits. Whether any of these bills, or other similar bills, will survive the economy drive of the 80th Congress, is anybody's guess. Present indications suggest a negative answer. At any rate, the bill that comes nearest to fulfilling over-all educational needs on a soundly American basis is the Welch bill (H. R. 156).

Discovering able teachers

One of the significant services the Association of American Colleges is doing for its constituents is its sponsorship of the "National Roster" program. The aim of the program is to discover students of unusual promise as future teachers and to encourage and assist them to make teaching their life work. Member colleges of the Association agree to cooperate with such prospective teachers in planning graduate study. Upon successful completion of a year in a graduate school, the student's Alma Mater will undertake to provide a year or two of "In-Service Training," usually by appointment as an assistant or instructor. This "In-Service Training" is designed as a test of both the student's liking and aptitude for teaching. Further graduate study, aided by the student's Alma Mater, follows upon the "In-Service" experiment. Started two years ago, the program has made excellent progress. By stimulating nationwide interest in finding and aiding prospective college teachers, it is not merely tackling an immediate need; it is starting a movement that may of itself restore the teaching profession to the honorable estate which it once enjoyed.

How the German problem is shaping up

When the Big Four Ministers meet in Moscow in March, they will have multitudinous and specific headaches before anything like a just and lasting peace can be proposed for Germany. It is too early to forecast what their decision will be, or even what it ought to be, save in rather general terms. Some elements of the problem, however, are becoming clearer and suggest a line of development. First, the Russian attitude toward the German settlement is notably softening. Russia has shown an inclination, hitherto totally lacking, to consider the economic unification of her zone with the western zones; she has announced a doubling or tripling of the

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industrial output in her zone—an undoubted bid, observers think, to increase the prestige of the Socialist Unity Party (her creation by the forced union of the Communists and the Social Democrats); she has ceased dismantling industrial plants and promised an increase of industrial output for German consumption. Second, the confidence of German business men is rising, and economic hopes in general are brighter. The level of industry in the U.S.-British zones has been raised; the management of the Ruhr coal production has been turned back to the Germans; German exporters say that they will be able in the immediate future to export at almost pre-war levels. Third, France has softened her demands on the separation of the Ruhr and the Rhineland from political control by Germany. At least, this is the latest statement of current French policy, despite the fact that the Communist Party in France, taking its line from Moscow, has been coming out strong for a centralized Germany.

Steps to meet the problem

These three elements converge to highlight the crucial German question—what is to be the country's ultimate political form? The Russians want a strongly centralized Germany, and it is a sure thing that the above-mentioned Russian concessions have been made at a price; they have been made for the sake of winning the Germans to feel that Russia has her interests most at heart. In thus taking the lead in the economic question, Moscow may hope to render less pressing other equally important questions; she may dupe the Germans into thinking that a strong central government will compensate for the loss of one-third of her arable land, now under Polish domination. And a strong central German government, remembering Russia's energetic lead and conveniently forgetting the boundaries Russia alone may have determined, would mean a Germany under Russian influence. A strong centrally governed Germany, with the rising confidence of business and industry, would also become more and more a nationalistic Germany. These facts, plus the one indicated above—that France inclines toward a Germany of decentralized power, seem to us to make it imperative that the American delegation give long thought to the proposals made by John Foster Dulles in his New York address (Jan. 17) to the National Publishers' Association. There he advocated the erection in Germany of a federal-state structure, as opposed to a strongly centralized government, and the integration of the industrial potential of western Germany into the economic life of western Europe through the joint control of Germany's western basin by the Western Powers. A system of federated states in Germany alone may, it is quite true, present apparently insoluble problems, but that kind of Germany may encourage, Mr. Dulles suggests, a federated Europe. Only within such a framework, he feels, can a peaceful Germany exist in a peaceful Europe. One thing is certain—Russia will violently oppose any such solution. That may be one means of convincing the Western Powers that it is the solution.

Common Cause

In these days of proliferating organizations we hesitate to commend a new group, no matter how worthy, to the sympathetic attention of our friends and readers. But "Common Cause," which was launched January 19 from headquarters at 1775 Broadway in New York City, reveals such promise that it deserves to be treated as an exception. The noble and timely purpose of the group was described in these ringing terms by its Chairman, Mrs. Natalie Wales Latham:

We in America today face the supreme challenge of our history. This challenge to the free way of life is represented by communism and fascism. These two aggressive totalitarian movements, now bidding for the idealism of the young and the hopes of the exploited and oppressed of the earth, propose to bring security and peace to the world through dictatorship. Each feeds on fear of the other.

Common Cause repudiates both and presents a living democracy as the answer. We can turn back in peaceful competition the totalitarian threat in any and all of its forms. But we can do this not by a blind policy of defense alone, but through a bold and positive policy of democratic affirmation and fulfillment, that can make democracy work at home and help it to live abroad.

Some of the well-known anti-totalitarians taking a prominent part in the crusade are Adolf A. Berle, Jr., Dr. Harry J. Carman, Dorothy Thompson, Sumner Welles, Max Eastman, Louis Fischer, A. Philip Randolph, Christopher T. Emmet and Anne O'Hare McCormick. Father John Cronin, S.S., assistant director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is one among several priests serving on the Religious Council of Common Cause. By striking a positive note and going on the offensive, this new movement may rally to its standard millions of confused Americans who, despite the horrible evidence in Europe and Asia, still do not see clearly the great issue of our age and its profound implications for the United States.

AFL attacks Nathan Report

Business groups engaged in rebutting the assumptions and conclusions of the Nathan Report received aid and comfort last week from an unexpected quarter. The January issue of the AFL organ, *Labor's Monthly Survey*, is largely devoted to an attack on the CIO for breaking the anti-inflation line last year with a "political" drive for wage increases and for repeating its folly this year with the Nathan Report. Before the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce lean too heavily, however, on their new ally, they would do well to scrutinize the *Survey* with more than ordinary caution. A careful reading of this curious document will show 1) that the AFL is condemning something which neither the CIO nor the Nathan Report proposes, namely, that American business can pay a twenty-five per cent wage increase straight across the board, without any distinction between industries, or between companies in the same industry; and 2) that the AFL and CIO are in substantial agreement that worker incomes ought to be increased by wage hikes without any advance in

prices. The *Survey* quotes with approval the following statement from the November 30 issue of *Business Week*, which goes a long way toward confirming the Nathan Report:

The outlook for increased productivity and maintenance of profits in 1947 suggests that industry in general can raise workers' pay without increasing prices this year. AFL unions have recently been winning, without strike, wage increases which vary from 10 cents to 37½ cents an hour.

What businessmen should not overlook is that the January *Survey* is primarily a political, not an economic document. Its purpose is to deflate the importance of the Nathan Report in the minds of American workers, to nullify the publicity accorded the CIO in the daily press, and to reassure the public by comparing the "communistic" CIO with the responsible AFL. It represents a school of thought in the AFL which seems willing to subordinate everything, including the welfare of workers, to the destruction of "dual unionism."

Rewards for poor citizenship

The campaign of the planned parenthooders continues getting headlines for deeds that are sapping the strength of American life. The latest fanfare comes on the occasion of the third annual Lasker Awards, given by the Planned Parenthood Federation. A medallion and \$500 goes to Dr. Alan F. Guttermacher of Baltimore and to Dr. Abraham Stone of New York City "for distinguished leadership in marriage counseling." The first physician is specially honored "for enlistment of the support of physicians, clergymen, educators and others for the program of planned parenthood." Dr. Stone merits praise for "thirty-three years of clinical work, teaching and marriage counseling." It's a melancholy thought—the many lives that have been denied over the years by these two men, who now get a reward and a decoration—something that used to be reserved for heroes. An indication of the philosophy which guides them, as it perhaps unconsciously guides all such tamperers with life (*cf.* "Hucksters in Death," AMERICA, Jan. 25, pp. 46ff.), may be found in the fact that Dr. Stone is also the editor of *The American Review of Soviet Medicine*. From an admiration of Soviet medicine it is not too long a step to admiration and imitation of communist materialism. If a physician, or any other resident within this nation, is so motivated; he is not a good citizen.

Where medals should go

Not all doctors, thank God, are getting decorations for frustrating life. Some are fostering life, fighting to preserve it, not giving up in the face of temporary defeat—and they expect no medals. Anyone who has read the warm and heartening stories of the rehabilitation work that has developed out of the war must applaud the courage of the doctors and the patients alike. A man with both legs gone is incurable; the euthanasiasts would permit him to brood on his loss and work himself up to applying for a "legal" throwing in of the sponge. Doctors with courage and hope—to say nothing

of morals—will bolster such a victim's will to live and to return as far as possible to normal, and will succeed in returning him to a happy and normal life. Polio has been till of late incurable; now hopes are raised that its virus will soon be isolated and an easy means of speedy recovery found. So, it seems that both the planned parthenoeders and the euthanasiasts are, to put it bluntly, quitters—yellow, if you prefer. Those who block the beginnings of life are taking the illegitimate, easy way out of a problem that is faced by courageous, moral men the legitimate way—through improved housing, agriculture, distribution, wages—all the manifold avenues of social welfare. Those who would shorten life are taking the illegitimate, easy way out from under a burden that ought simply drive them to harder work, deeper research, harder optimism. Any man or woman in these two classes might, if need be, battle a tank bare-fisted, but their defeatism, based on fundamentally the same kind of materialism that motivates the commies, is a form of moral cowardice.

Canadians and the refugees

Mrs. Roosevelt's statement on forced repatriation and the duty of Americans to aid political and religious refugees was given full publicity by the Catholic weekly *The Canadian Register*. The response was nationwide. Thereupon the paper went looking for comment by prominent Canadians and found that Mrs. Roosevelt's plea for recognition of human dignity had struck a sympathetic chord in Canadian hearts. Said Cardinal McGuigan:

I warmly welcome Mrs. Roosevelt's plea that freedom-loving countries should do their share in affording sanctuary to those whose forced repatriation would mean their victimization for political and even for religious views. During many centuries . . . the Catholic Church permitted her own sacred buildings to be used for sanctuary, even sometimes for the guilty. Today it is not only the sentiment of mercy but the obligations of justice and humanity that compel us, following the example of our Holy Father the Pope, to lift up our voices in favor of a policy of international cooperation and hospitality to meet the urgent needs of many thousands of displaced persons whose plight is desperate.

Archbishop MacDonald of Edmonton said Mrs. Roosevelt's pleas "give eloquent expression to sentiments shared by the great majority of Canadians." Other archbishops and bishops wrote in similar vein. Canadian public officials likewise made statements praising the position taken by Mrs. Roosevelt. The Honorable Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare, paid special tribute to her manifestly "great work in trying to deal with this most important humanitarian problem." By a few, fears were expressed about the possibility of absorbing many refugees in a country with so small a population as Canada. But all agreed that our delegate, both in the General Assembly and the third committee dealing with refugee problems, had clearly stated the moral issues involved. It now remains to implement them.

Mr. Smith goes to Moscow

A new Soviet play has been written by Konstantin Simonov, honored Soviet playwright, about the "secrets" of the American publishing business. The gist of the play was given by the Moscow radio and reported by an AP dispatch from London on January 7. Mr. Simonov depicts an anti-Russian publisher, Charles MacPherson, who wants to have a book on why the "Russians want a war." He sends an honest reporter, Harry Smith, who previously has written a "true story about the Russians." Said the Moscow radio:

Smith is no longer a young man. He is afraid of the insecurity of a reporter's life. His goal is independence and happiness with the woman he loves. So he consents to go to the Soviet Union again and write the book. . . . Smith returns a few months later and tells his friend Martha: "In Russia I was ashamed of myself, of you, of all us people who dish up poison to Americans with their breakfast every day. I remember that I was once a human being, not just a servant of MacPherson."

Naturally, so goes the story, Smith refused to write the book, and goes into battle against that section of society which "tries to dictate its opinion to the whole of America." As was expected, the "reactionaries" fight back; and Harry loses his job, his wife, his temper, but never his virtue as an honest writer. . . . In a closing monologue Smith discloses that he will not hang himself or cut his throat or throw himself out of a window. . . . He admits, however, that for a long time he was naïve enough not to know that there are two Americas, instead of one. He cannot find a place in the America of Hearst; he will try to find it in the America of Abraham Lincoln and "work for Soviet-American friendship." All in all, the play is a neat manipulation of half-truths in the best Soviet tradition.

Union With Rome Commemorated

A solemn Pontifical Mass according to the Byzantine Rite was celebrated in the Church of St. Vladimir in Paris to commemorate the 350th anniversary (Dec. 24) of the union of the Ukrainian Church with Rome, which occurred at Brest, 1596. The Mass was celebrated by Msgr. Ivan Buchko, Apostolic Visitor to the Ukrainian refugees in Europe, who came from Rome for the ceremony. In the Union of 1596 more than ten million Orthodox Ukrainians of the Byzantine Rite were reunited with the Church of Rome. In accepting the Ukrainians into the fold, Pope Clement VIII issued a Papal Bull, *Magnus Dominus et Laudabilis Nihil*, granting the Ukrainians the retention of their Byzantine or Slavonic Rite. This is the Union that the Soviet government aimed at suppressing after its reconquest of Western Ukraine in 1944 (*c.f.* AMERICA, Jan. 5, 1946). Only after the arrest of the Ukrainian Hierarchy and hundreds of Catholic priests were the Soviets able to convoke a faked "synod" in Lviv, which on March 8, 1946 "officially" proclaimed the secession of the Ukrainian Church from Rome. Vatican authorities, as well as the Ukrainian Catholic Bishops outside the Soviet Union, denounced the synod as illegal and the "schism" as persecution.

Washington Front

A question of rising interest in recent weeks has been the extent to which Republican Congressional leaders will give support in the economic field to U. S. political co-operation with other nations in building an international foundation for stability and peace. All the ancient high-tariff Republicans are not dead. Many are hale and hearty and hard-shelled about the Hull reciprocal trade program. State Department people are concerned lest there be some show of economic isolationism.

World trade cooperation now goes beyond the reciprocal trade program; it is to be bolstered by the new International Trade Organization which this country and others have been working to establish. This organization is seen needed to establish fair trade rules for the world, or as much of it as will cooperate with ITO. It is needed, too, to safeguard tariff concessions and see to it that doors are closed to escape from such concessions.

Failure to cooperate in breaking down world trade barriers means, as State Department people see it, a retreat from commitments made in various international undertakings, including the battered Four Freedoms and the Bretton Woods pact. And they say it would foster a statism which would control world trade through a system of import quotas and licensing. Further, this coun-

try's own economic self-interest is vitally concerned.

The U. S. virtually doubled industrial output during the war; the capacity to produce this huge quantity of goods in peacetime remains. Even given an expanded economy and "good times," new foreign markets will be needed. Administration reciprocal trade people ask: Close down plants or find markets abroad? So, too, with agriculture—exports are now above what they were before the war and our interest in expanding this market is termed obvious.

Again, we have depleted natural resources; mutually beneficial reciprocal trade agreements would help restore them. Also, it is argued that keeping U. S. industry at high production means a technologically up-to-date industry—an advantage in point of security.

The U. S. hopes to get Britain to retreat from her present position on import licensing. It hopes to see Russia come into the International Trade Organization—so far the Soviets have held aloof. If they don't come in, it is said, we'll go ahead without them.

There's no doubt that the Republicans will ask many questions about the whole reciprocal trade program in coming months. Senator Vandenberg plainly has made his offers of cooperation in this field somewhat conditional. What Administration people hope is that honest questioning about the whole program doesn't give way to outright opposition by high tariff protectionists. The whole issue will be much in the news in months to come.

CHARLES LUCEY

Underscorings

The Chicago Catholic-school system reports its largest enrollment in fourteen years, some 210,000 students. Pupils in grade schools increased 2,396 over the 1945-6 figure, and the high-school increase is 2,134. There is a significant decrease of 676, however, in first-grade pupils. Two new high schools and three new grade schools have been added to the system.

► His Eminence Rodrigue Cardinal Villeneuve, O.M.I., Archbishop of Quebec, who died on January 18 at the age of 63, was Canada's fourth Cardinal. Consecrated first Bishop of Gravelbourg in 1930, he was raised to the archbishopric of Quebec the following year and created Cardinal on March 13, 1933. Three of his predecessors in Quebec held the rank of Cardinal: H. E. Elzear Alexander Cardinal Taschereau (1886), H. E. Louis-Nazaire Cardinal Begin (1914), and H. E. Raymond-Marie Cardinal Rouleau, O.P. (1927). Canada's fifth Cardinal, H. E. James Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, was designated Cardinal on December 23, 1945.

► Another Catholic centenary of 1947 is that of the Ursuline Academy at Galveston, Texas. Invited by Bishop John Odin, seven Ursulines—the first nuns in Texas—went to Galveston in January of 1847 and established

there the first academy for girls within that territory.

► The Holy Father has named Msgr. Joseph Carroll McCormick, Chancellor of the Philadelphia archdiocese from 1936 to 1944, Titular Bishop of Ruspe and Auxiliary to His Eminence Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

► People are wont to judge schools by their products. And many are wont to pre-judge Catholic schools as interested in religion rather than the three R's. So it is good, once in a while, to remind the public that the products of Catholic education are pretty good at readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic. A few samples from the past six or eight months: second place in the Scripps-Howard national spelling bee went to eighth-grade Mary McCarthy of the Visitation School, Bronx, N. Y.; students of Ursuline Academy, Washington, D. C., won first, third, fourth and fifth prizes in a city-wide essay contest sponsored by B'nai B'rith on "The America I want;" top honors in the Vermont Historical Society's Edmunds Memorial Essay were won by a pupil of St. Anne's Academy, Swanton, Vt.; Catholic school children won all five prizes, last May, in a city-wide spelling bee conducted by the Washington, D. C. *Daily News*, and the other day Chicago papers announced that students of Chicago's parochial schools took the three top prizes in the Chicago *Daily News* spelling bee, in competition with Cook County public elementary schools outside Chicago and with Lutheran parochial schools in Chicago and suburbs.

A.P.F.

Editorials

The five peace treaties

When on February 10, in Paris, official signatures are affixed to the peace treaties with Italy, Bulgaria, Hungary, Rumania and Finland, will this event spell hope, or despair, or just an unpleasant consciousness that it is better to have something settled, however unsatisfactorily, than to drift along in perpetual anticipation of the worst as yet to come?

The text of the five treaties, released January 18 in Washington, presents little that was not already expected. Italy, heaviest of all the sufferers, had lost all hope of retaining her colonies; reparations—which total \$1,330,000,000 for the five countries—were inevitable, and land had already been pared away from the respective territories. The fate of Italy's Venezia Giulia, set up as an independent territory, and her Dodecanese Islands was long since determined upon by the Allies. Hungary, on her part, would obviously be called upon to yield some of her substance to Czechoslovakia; and so on. And Italy's military and naval potential was clearly a thing of the past.

A future generation will be in vastly better position than we are today to appraise fully the injustices upon which these treaties set so formal and solemn a seal. They will be better able, because they will then know whither all these injustices shall have led, in terms of grief not for these countries alone, but for the permanent peace and prosperity of the world. So we, in our turn, have passed judgment upon the treaty of Versailles. But on one point we can be specifically clear today: the peculiarly hypothetical character of so much that the treaties contain. We shall know what they now mean only when the countries concerned have started to comply with their provisions.

Following a uniform plan that is carried out throughout the drafts, each of the five treaties heads its list of articles with an identical declaration of human rights. So Italy, Article 15 (Hungary, etc.), shall

take all measures to secure to all persons under Italian jurisdiction, without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion, the enjoyment of human rights and of the fundamental human freedoms, including freedom of expression, of press and publication, of religious worship, of political opinion and of public meeting.

The same are to be secured in territory that is transferred to Italy (Article 19, 4); and in the Permanent Statute of the Free Territory of Trieste.

Treaties for the Danubian States provide a special clause (Hungary, Article 38):

Navigation on the Danube shall be free and open for the nationals, vessels of commerce, and goods of all States, on a footing of equality....

Such clauses mean exactly what they are made to mean in day-by-day, concrete execution. They may mean the beginning of a new era in the realm of international justice, or they may spell for all peoples the utter mockery of justice to which three of these five countries are now ruthlessly compelled to submit. The same hypothesis applies to the provisions for the government of Trieste, both permanent and provisional. It applies, in fact, to the whole structure of the peace treaties. Harsh as are the terms, through skillful domestic economy, moral rehabilitation and a rigidly impartial administration of justice the conquered people can still make the first step towards some sort of recovery. Or the treaties can be made the instruments of oppression and whatever good is in them nullified by political freebooters whose only aim is exploitation and conquest. The treaties themselves contain no means for their own possible amendment. The creation of such machinery, applicable to all treaties, is the task of the United Nations Organization. Until such a provision is developed any and all treaties lack, as Pope Pius XII has so eloquently declared, one of the primary conditions for any sort of a just and lasting peace.

Finally as the chief delegate to the United Nations Security Council, Dr. E. van Kleffens, observed at a dinner on January 22: the question of the peace settlement is not a matter of peace settlements alone but is complete only "with a scheme for the collective reduction of armaments and armed forces."

Promoting brotherhood

Few causes to which we can devote ourselves in the interests of our country are more worthy than that of the cultivation of friendly relations and a spirit of co-operation among all elements in the community. Certainly if the nation is to be at peace, and is to have peace with the rest of the world, there must be peace among citizens, wherever they meet and for whatever purpose. All the peace efforts in the world will come to naught, if our own nation is torn by racial or religious strife.

Brotherhood Week, February 16-23, is being promoted by the National Conference of Christians and Jews in order to inculcate the spirit of brotherhood between members of religious groups in this country—Protestants, Catholic and Jews. It is a project in civic amity. But civic amity is not something which can be trusted to blossom from the soil of a few kind words and excellent resolutions. It is a plant which demands careful cultivation; a structure which must be planned for and worked for. If right and judicious methods are used in its behalf, much good can be accomplished. But if inept

and confused methods are prescribed, the very quest of civic amity may promote its opposite.

These general remarks are prompted by a particular instance. Under ordinary circumstances this might pass unnoticed, but since it comes on the eve of Brotherhood Week it is apt to be much in the public eye. The National Conference of Christians and Jews has recently published a "Human Relations Pamphlet" entitled *Weekday Religious Education: Help or Hindrance to Inter-Religious Understanding?* The author is Isaac Beckes, Ph.D., and the booklet is the result of an investigation of "Religious Prejudices in Interfaith Programs of Weekday Religious Education," made in preparation for a doctor's degree at Yale University. The pamphlet has already received very severe criticism in the Catholic press, including the NCWC *News Service*, and we have no further intention of discussing the pamphlet itself. But the booklet's appearance and the objections it has aroused make it difficult to pass over what seems to be a very obvious conclusion from this event: that if friendship and cooperation between citizens belonging to the different religious bodies is to be sought, the National Conference of Christians and Jews is taking a very singular manner of trying to accomplish it.

No religious group is going to achieve amity with the members of another religious group by insisting that such friendly relationships cannot be maintained unless the others compromise their distinctive religious convictions, or resort to practices which are at variance with those convictions. Yet if we take his words at their face value, this is what Dr. Beckes would seem to wish Catholics to do. A primary condition of any such friendly spirit he places in the development of "positive inter-religious attitudes." If this means that the young of the different religious bodies avoid erroneous interpretations of other men's views and that they live in cordial friendship with them, such attitudes can be commended to all. But it is not a contribution to friendly relations between Catholics and non-Catholics to insist upon the "joint celebration" of festivals which express the deepest mysteries of our Faith. Still less is it such a contribution to refer to released time as the "segregation" of students for religious instruction. The author of the pamphlet lays down the conditions with which any separate religious instruction must conform if it is to meet with his approval and not be a "divisive" thing in the community. A similar procedure was followed by the German Nazis, who accused Catholic religion teachers of separating the children from the Folk-German *Gemeinschaft*.

For some of those who are not of our faith it is a little difficult to understand why Catholics object, for instance, to programs which would involve their visiting non-Catholic places of worship as part of their cultural training. To such it should be carefully explained that our objection to such a program is not founded upon any animosity or ill-will, but is simply the logical consequence of the teachings of our Faith itself. To expect our children to act otherwise is to ask them to be untrue to their own religious principles.

Complete freedom for every element in the community to hear and study the content of their own religious beliefs, is an elementary condition of community friendship, civic unity and genuine brotherhood. Such friendship, unity and brotherhood are entirely possible, and have been achieved already in numberless communities in our land, and they include relations between racial groups (about which Dr. Beckes is silent) as well. But they are not achieved by casting suspicions of intolerance and divisiveness upon parents who simply wish that their own children may share in the sacred deposit of Faith that their fathers have given them. There are at hand plenty of thoroughly constructive programs of friendship between all elements in the community—racial, economic or religious—without resorting to this sort of procedure.

A start on human rights

The world that went to war for the Four Freedoms is seeing this week the first attempt to put human rights on a world-wide basis. Meeting at Lake Success for its initial sessions as a full-fledged group, the United Nations Human Rights Commission includes representatives of the five major Powers, as well as Australia, Belgium, Chile, Egypt, India, Iran, Lebanon, Panama, Uruguay and three Soviet satellites, White Russia, Ukraine and Yugoslavia. Its chairman is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who is also the United States representative.

Of our warm-hearted support for the objectives of the Commission there is not and could there be the slightest doubt. It was on the urgings of religious leaders, including the Catholic Bishops, that the San Francisco Conference made drastic improvements in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals and made human rights a key concern of the new organization. To "promote and encourage respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all" is one of the purposes justifying the existence of the United Nations.

Our support is not the "wait and see" kind of approval, either. We believe that if the Commission is going to amount to anything it will be because consistent and intelligent efforts were expended to make it so.

At this moment we are not so much concerned with the details of the work before the human rights group, such as the drawing up of an international bill of rights or the preparing of reports and recommendations on civil liberties, the status of women, protection of minorities and the elimination of persecution and discrimination, so much as with the spirit and attitude of the Commission as it begins its work. We are intensely curious to know just what the Commission stands for in terms of those values of human dignity and personality that mean everything in the world to the simple people who populate this globe.

We should not imagine that this group is going to relieve every persecution or remove every tyranny or discrimination. The Commission is far down the scale, hierarchically speaking, of the United Nations bodies. But its very unimportance politically puts a heavier re-

sponsibility on the members to shake off the political considerations that always becloud the moral and spiritual thinking of nations. We are not concerned about what the Commission will be able to effect immediately by its decisions, so much as what the Commission stands for, what it *wants* to do. We want to know whether the United Nations is capable of escaping from the purely political thinking that tends to stifle the nobler aims of the Organization. In the Commission on Human Rights we hope to discover the true soul of the United Nations.

The world atmosphere in which the Commission meets is one of continued tyranny and inhumanity of man to man. One need not repeat the list of violations of human rights that the postwar years are seeing. The United States can be as critical of itself as of others. One of these is the scandalous failure of some of the Allies to return the hundreds of thousands of German prisoners of war. Though justifiable in strict legal terms, this action is one of the things no human-rights program would justify.

The Russians loom large in this connection and their presence in force at the meetings of the Commission is a strange thing to behold. We wonder what Mrs. Roosevelt is thinking as she gazes across the table at Soviet delegate V. F. Tepliakov, who during almost the entire recent Assembly was stubbornly attempting to deny to refugees the human right of asylum, a right that Mrs. Roosevelt has firmly defended since the issue first arose in London a year ago. The dynamic and unabashed assertiveness of the Soviet delegations must be reckoned with in this Commission during the coming weeks. Certainly the other members, and our own especially, will not, we hope, corrupt the Christian heritage of freedom and the inherent dignity of man by cross-breeding it with the materialistic and anti-human tenets of Marxian totalitarianism.

AAC at Boston

The old saw about "educational meetings which fill the soul with an unutterable sense of ennui" found no confirmation at the Boston meeting of the Association of American Colleges, January 13 to 15. In fact this 33rd convention of the Association set a record both for the significance of the subjects discussed and for the exceptional quality of the discussion.

President Charles J. Turck, in his presidential address, enumerated the four issues which he felt excited the special interest of college people today: universal military training, federal aid for colleges, internationalism and religion. And these four interests were adequately represented on the program, though the order was reversed. Religion came first, then internationalism, federal aid and military training.

Delegates at the opening session, on January 13, heard two magnificent addresses on "Religion in Liberal Education," one by Archbishop Cushing of Boston, the other by a leading minister of the Presbyterian church, Rev. George A. Buttrick. Each merits complete and careful

reading—the Archbishop's will be printed in full in the *Catholic Mind* for March.

Making a plea for "collaboration in the kindred work of religion and education," Archbishop Cushing deplored the estrangement that "exists and seems to be increasing between organized education and organized religion"—an estrangement, not of personalities, but one betokening

chasms yawning between systems of education and systems of thought, chasms which must somehow be bridged for the good of both religion and education, and, I might add, for the good of that democratic way of life which depends so vitally on the contributions to it that religion and education have to make.

For, as "it is generally conceded that religion alone, or its product in the human person, piety, is not enough to make a complete citizen," so "it must be equally clear that education alone, at least in the sense of the mere transmission of knowledge, is far from being sufficient to produce the complete citizen of democracy."

Commenting on the alleged "Church and State" problem, the Archbishop said that

the appeal to the American tradition of the separation of Church and State is being abused as part of the effort to block educational policies, educational programs and educational reforms which are sorely needed if democracy is to be served by American educational institutions. It is true that the organized State and the organized Church here in America are completely separated; it is not true that the citizen, the subject of the State, and the moral believing person, the subject of the Church, *can be separated*. Citizen and believer are blended in one personality; education fashions and perfects personality. State and Church, the forces which make for citizenship and those which make for morality, simply must find some formula under which to cooperate if education is to do its integrating work, if it is to escape becoming not merely secular but positively materialistic, statist and therefore fascist.

When education once again comes to terms with religion, then educators "will build not merely for time but for eternity; they will educate not merely the sons of men but the children of God."

Dr. Buttrick put great emphasis on the evils of the secularism that has become the faith of modern education. The real lack in modern education, he said, is the lack of a genuine faith. The tacit faith of most education is secularism. It is a false faith. It believes that life is locked within time and space. Man is dwarfed by it. The real answer is that the colleges must become religious or the churches must once again become centers of education, must build their own schools, not so much to save their own life as to save the world.

The other principal addresses—that of President George N. Shuster of Hunter College on "The Paradox of UNESCO;" of President Conant of Harvard on "Education Beyond the High School;" the symposia on Federal aid and universal military training—will provide stimulus and material for future comments and editorials.

Farmers Cooperatives and tax exemption

Robert E. Delany

Robert E. Delany, New York lawyer, who has previously written for AMERICA on family allowances, here discusses the problem of the taxation of cooperatives. Mr. Delany presents the facts and issues of the question, rather than offering a cut-and-dried solution.

Problems confronting the farmers of America, particularly Farmers Cooperatives, are arousing widespread interest today. Father William J. Gibbons, in the November 9 issue of AMERICA, highlighted these problems in his report on the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. He stated that signs indicate American agriculture is at a crossroad where it must choose between farming as big business and farming as a way of life. By a strange coincidence, the National Association of Manufacturers on about the same day issued a statement of policy in which it called upon government to level the equities in economic life; this balance could be accomplished, the NAM indicated, by taxing the patronage dividends paid by Farmers Cooperatives. Such a statement has been a long time coming and the way was prepared by economists like Roger Babson and by organizations like the National Tax Equality Association. This Association argued for years that the exemption from tax which is the privilege of Farmers Cooperatives is inequitable and unjust to competing forces.

A true Farmers Cooperative is exempt from taxation under the provisions of the Internal Revenue Code (the Code, with its attendant regulations, will be discussed later.) At this point, the writer wishes to indicate the background for NAM interest in a field which was so limited a generation ago.

Cooperatives, which had their inception in the idea of a few weavers of Rochdale, England, one hundred years ago, did not take a vigorous hold in this country until after the turn of the twentieth century. Robert Owen had attempted a plan along these lines, but his ill-fated idea had a short life. The panic of 1907, however, induced a few groups of farmers to experiment with the idea of banding together to secure a better price for their produce and a lower price for their necessary supplies.

Ohio, Kansas and a few of the other States in which the plan was germinating encouraged this idea by exempting Farmers Cooperatives from taxation. As Farmers Cooperatives proved their worth, the Federal Government became interested in the potentialities of the plan and passed legislation which is reflected in the Internal Revenue Code of 1916. Generally, it exempted Farmers Cooperatives from tax; this law is still on the Federal Statute Books although in much more restricted form. Practically every State in the Union followed the Federal example; not Pennsylvania, however, which only in 1945 exempted Farmers Cooperatives by amending a law of 1889 which had levied a three-per-cent tax on their earnings.

The surprising extension of the system of Farm Cooperatives into fields which the agriculturist of 1910 would have thought strange, is what must have prompted the NAM to say:

Our Government cannot as a matter of fact confer special benefits upon one group except at the expense of the rest of the community. No really free enterprise system can exist if one interest has special governmental support in competition with other forms of business enterprise which do not have such support.

It continues by asserting that any efficient business entity, whether cooperative or other "form of business organization," needs no direct or indirect subsidies. Here it must be stressed, to avoid the glossing-over of the point, that Farmers Cooperatives are the only profit-making cooperatives which receive a tax exemption under the Code. Moreover, cooperatives are becoming an increasingly popular form of business. There must be sound reasons for this, just as there must be a sound reason for NAM's sudden interest in the topic.

Farm Cooperatives are intruding into big business, although today they are small business. But their successful example is encouraging other cooperatives in still more fields where, despite lack of tax exemptions, the bright possibility of being a part owner and receiving products at a lesser price seems thrifty and satisfying to intelligent citizens seeking a way out of the tangled morass of the American economy.

Although originally Farmer Cooperatives were simple organizations with simple purposes, they legitimately expanded into disparate enterprises. Here are a few illustrations.

The Central Cooperative Wholesale, the Midland Cooperative Wholesale and the Farmer Union Central Exchange recently formed the joint enterprise Northwest Cooperative Mills. This group was joined by the Farmers Union Grain Terminal Association, which already had tremendous grain elevators, and the joint venture formed the largest Cooperative Grain Marketing association in America. Their eventual hope is a pool to serve the 1,000 District Cooperatives which operate in the North Central United States.

In Wisconsin, Northwest Mills purchased a soy-bean-processing plant and a sixteen-acre tract for a fertilizing plant. It leased a seed-processing plant at Thief River Falls and bought ground in St. Paul to build a feed mill and seed-processing plant.

Another illustration concerns oil, which is becoming one of the biggest expenses and problems confronting the American farmer. Since it is one of the functions of a Farmer Cooperative to obtain supplies for the farmer, the cooperatives have sought out oil with the following results.

The National Cooperative Refining Association, owned by five regional Cooperative Wholesales as of July, 1945, had 55 producing wells. The Indiana Farm Bureau Cooperative built a cracking plant at its refinery at Mt.

Vernon, Indiana, thus doubling its gasoline production. With wells producing 3,500 barrels per day, this Wholesale can now supply 75 per cent of its members. The Midland Cooperative Wholesale of Minneapolis is buying oil rights. Consumers Cooperative of Kansas City had 436 oil wells by January, 1946, and can supply to its members all their needs for refined fuel and 25 per cent of their crude requirements. The Ohio Farm Bureau Cooperative now has 2 refineries and controls a pipeline company in Kentucky. Consumers Cooperative Association of Texas is turning out oil at the rate of 5,500 barrels a day.

Pacific Supply Cooperative of Walla Walla, Washington, built a chemical plant in Portland, Oregon, to manufacture fertilizer, fungicide and insecticide, all for \$150,000. It has also bought the coal mine it had been operating under lease. In addition, it is sponsoring a new wholesale grocery association to serve the Puget Sound area.

The Central Cooperative Wholesale of Superior, Wisconsin, has under way a \$1,375,000 program for expansion of plant and other facilities.

Before discussing the law which the NAM seeks to amend, let us consider what the example of the Farm Cooperatives has inspired in other fields.

Canada successfully experimented with a Credit Union, and various citizens of New Hampshire instituted one in imitation thereof. That idea was slow in taking hold, however, and it was not until 1909 that Massachusetts passed the first Credit Union enabling act.

The Credit Union National Extension Bureau in 1921 was founded and endowed by Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant. This gave impetus to a standard Credit Union Law which had been adopted in thirty-two States by 1935. In that year the Federal Government passed a Credit Union Act and placed supervision thereof in the hands of the Farm Credit Administration.

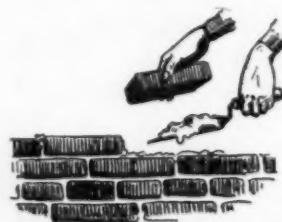
1931 is the first year for which complete data are available. They show that in the United States at that time, there were 1,500 Credit Unions with a membership of 286,143. Loans outstanding totalled \$21,214,500 and assets amounted to \$33,645,343.

These unions had a remarkable growth up to 1941. Then the war, with its combination of withdrawals of tangibles of normal purchase from the market, generally increased wages, absorption of purchasers into the armed forces and governmental urging to defer all but necessary purchases, cut sharply into the activities of the unions. 1941, however, indicated the existence of 10,456 Credit Unions with 3,529,097 members. They had loans outstanding of \$362,291,005 and total assets of \$322,214,816. This does not put them in the class of the Chase or the National City Banks; but the increase in ten years shows how many people are interested in organizations that can loan \$100 for ten months and ask for only \$105.10 in return. The downward activity curve from 1941 to 1945 is now taking a sharp and encouraging upward turn.

Many other types of cooperatives have been encouraged and have taken form. In housing, the Amalgamated,

the largest of its type, has over 1,000 families, and in 1945 had net earnings of \$45,000, \$26,000 of which it returned to its tenants—a sum equivalent to one month's rent per apartment—and this after paying full taxes. Cooperative grocery stores, supply stores, hospitals, funeral homes, advertising agencies, lumber companies, milk companies, building supply companies and other new ones are springing into existence almost daily.

The law about which NAM complains is found in Section 101 of the Internal Revenue Code. By its provisions, this law exempts from taxation (among the better known types of organizations) labor and agricultural associations, Mutual Savings Banks not having capital stock represented by shares, fraternal orders, lodges, etc., certain building and loan associations, non-profit cooperative banks, non-profit cemeteries, non-profit religious, charitable, scientific, literary and educational corporations, non-profit business leagues, chambers of commerce and boards of trade, civic or employes organizations whose earnings go to charity, non-profit clubs, benevolent life insurance associations of purely local character, mutual ditch or irrigation companies, mutual and co-operative telephone companies (in these cases eighty-five per cent of income must consist of amounts collected from members for the sole purpose of meeting losses and expenses), farmers or other



mutual fire-insurance companies the income of which is held or used to pay losses or expenses.

In addition it exempts from taxation corporations formed solely to hold title to property which will be passed on to a tax-exempt organization, and corporations formed by tax-exempt cooperatives for ordinary crop financing, if stock rules ordered for Farm Cooperatives are observed by them.

Corporations formed by the United States Government for governmental purposes are also tax exempt, as are employe beneficiary associations, teachers' retirement funds of purely local character and religious or apostolic corporations.

But the subdivision concerning which the NAM expresses anxiety remains for consideration. Farmers, fruit growers or like associations organized and operated on a cooperative basis are exempt from taxation if they exist to: 1) market products of members or other producers and turn back proceeds, less expenses, on the basis of either quantity or value; 2) purchase supplies and equipment for members and others at cost plus necessary expenses.

In the case of non-members, Farm Cooperatives can market their products only if the value of such does not exceed the value of the produce of members. The same rule applies for purchases made on behalf of non-members, with the further limitation that the value of such purchases cannot exceed fifteen per cent of the total purchases of the cooperative.

The Code further limits the organization of Farm Cooperatives by providing that they can issue capital stock if, 1) the dividend rate on that stock does not exceed the legal interest rate of the State of formation, or eight per cent, whichever is greater, on the value of the consideration for which the stock was issued (The last clause deserves special attention because it prevents fluctuation in value of the stock. It always remains at par. This is noteworthy because it is thus distinguished from the competing forces to which the NAM refers); 2) substantially all such stock is owned by producers who market or purchase through the Farm Cooperative.

Another type of stock, non-voting preferred, is allowed, and this can be owned by anyone, but the owners cannot participate in the profits of the Farm Cooperative beyond their fixed dividends.

A Farm Cooperative is further restricted in that on the question of a reserve it is limited to either a) the reserve required by State law; or b) a reasonable one as determined by the Commissioner.

Decisions on the question of what type organizations can avail themselves of the privileges of tax exemption reveal what strict construction has been given the statute. A Dairy and Creamery Company which did not distribute proceeds of sale, less expenses, among the producers with whom it dealt was declared not a "cooperative association." In another case, a corporation acting as agent purchasing at cost for members of a legitimate Farmers Cooperative, which also received profits from non-members, was deprived of the exemption.

A Wisconsin corporation organized to acquire and to lease land to its stockholders exclusively was not exempt from taxation as a cooperative purchasing agent. This case revealed the necessity for a strict accord with the purposes of a tax-exempt cooperative.

In a Bureau decision, a corporation which acted as sales agent in marketing its stockholders grain was declared not exempt from tax, because grain purchased from its stockholders was sold on its own account.

To illustrate the strict supervision exercised, a Farmers Cooperative which declared and paid dividends in capital stock out of accumulated earnings was deprived of its tax exemption by the Bureau.

To conclude the cases, consider another cooperative, which dealt with non-stockholders but paid dividends to stockholders only. These dividends, however, were in proportion to total earnings, and the Bureau of Tax Appeals ruled that the cooperative was therefore not exempt from taxation. There have been many other decisions; but the above should give the reader a complete picture of the limited class of cooperatives to which courts will allow the tax exemption to apply.

The reader, when asked to consider competition between a cooperative and an ordinary stock corporation, should bear in mind the distinction made by the noted economist, Father Henry Pesch, S.J.:

The cooperative idea of mutual promotion and help asserts itself in a manner quite different from that observed by the corporation. In the latter case, the combining of capital and labor, as well as their

collaboration, merely serves the immediate efficient pursuit of the individual purpose of profit.

Although the virtues of the Farm Cooperative cannot be deeply explored here, they are ably discussed in lengthier works by Father Thurber M. Smith, S.J., Father Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., and James Warbasse. While they are not specifically referred to in the Labor Encyclical, Father Joseph Heslein, S.J., in his *Christian Social Manifesto*, states,

Obviously the most perfect expression of the ideal of distributive ownership (enunciated by both Leo XIII and Pius XI) would be found in the ultimate development of those cooperative societies of producers suggested by the American bishops. . . . They are most feasible upon the land.

Cooperative consumer's societies have, on the other hand . . . been able not merely to lessen greatly the purchasing expenses of the consumers who own them, but have further made it possible for them to acquire ownership of . . . tracts of land . . . manufacturing plants . . . transportation facilities . . . a stupendous banking business, as in the case of the English cooperatives.

All this entire development is based completely on private share ownership by the consumers, and its ultimate ideal is to change, by entirely legitimate means, through superior efficiency, the present system of profits into a system of services.

The Church gladly blesses all such efforts.

This article is not written with any idea of asserting that Farm Cooperatives must be allowed to continue in their tax-exempt category. Neither is it written in support of the arguments of the NAM. But the Farmers Cooperatives are under fire, and it is the duty of every civic-minded individual to insure a fair and adequate discussion of the problem. Each citizen must realize that Farmers Cooperatives present not only an economic challenge but a sociological one. Is a revision of the Internal Revenue Code advisable, or rather does this question first require a wider amplification due to its social imputations?

Prospects for Catholic scholarship

Edna Beyer

Perennially Catholic scholarship and Catholic scholars are attacked either directly or by inference, either through bigotry or through ignorance, both as to quantity and as to quality. Admitting that Catholic scholarship in the United States furnishes an excellent target for attack, it is surely well worth the effort to seek out the causes before succumbing to black pessimism about our educational future.

For the past half century American universities, following the lead set by the great German universities in the nineteenth century, have placed emphasis on the production of original research by its faculty members rather than on teaching ability. The great German mas-

ters, Treitschke, Ranke, Mommsen—to name only three of the best known in the field of history—produced monumental works of history, gave brilliant lectures that attracted students from all parts of the world, and inspired followers in the scientific method of critical source analysis. The German system was good because the men who created it were great men of genius. The system was imported in its entirety and grafted on American graduate schools. First the great private institutions and then the aspiring State universities demanded research rather than teaching ability from their faculty members. The quantity and quality of the original output of teaching staffs is now usually considered the criterion of almost every university faculty, and that same faculty considers class work onerous in so far as it interferes with "research."

The purposes of a university, as defined by Newman, are to impart knowledge and to advance and preserve learning. Today the great private and secular universities have publicly admitted that they have failed in fulfilling their purpose of imparting learning. The recent surveys published by Harvard and Columbia are loud testimonies to this fact. And although this was not admitted, there might be some speculation given to the thought that most members of faculties prefer to be members of research rather than of teaching bodies. Catholic teachers in institutions of higher learning, on the other hand, are now being berated because only about one quarter of them have published or are publishing works of original research and because neither its quantity nor its quality is comparable, on the whole, with the work of non-Catholics. Since the majority of these Catholics are priests and religious teaching in Catholic institutions, they are probably making the important distinction that a good teacher is not necessarily a good scholar and that, conversely, the scholar is not always the best teacher or administrator.

A scholar is a person devoted to the search for truth. The scholar cannot serve two masters. By force of circumstances he is usually connected with a university, because it provides the tools of his profession and a quiet atmosphere. Scholarship is the product of a settled civilization; it is not materialistic or utilitarian; like great art, it needs the support of wealth and of sympathy and understanding. For centuries Catholic scholarship had had this background in Europe and has flourished; but here in the United States it has no such background. The cultural heritage of the United States is English and Protestant, and therein lies the chief reason for the discrepancy in output between Catholic and non-Catholic scholars.

English-speaking Catholics have been at a disadvantage since the days of Queen Elizabeth. Catholics were forbidden to attend the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge until the end of the last century, and so great a nineteenth-century English scholar as Lord Acton was forced to pursue his higher education on the Continent because of his faith. In England, even today, the greater part of Catholic scholarly work is from the pens of converts whose social and economic security stems from

their Protestant background. The scholastic condition of Catholics in the United States is in great measure a reflection of what has taken place in England. The Catholic population here is just beginning to emerge as a cultural group.

Until the past generation the Catholic population has, in the main, been in the lower social and economic brackets. Scholarship does not flourish side by side with the struggle for daily subsistence. The Catholic coming to these shores was usually driven across the ocean to escape greater poverty at home, and his first need was to settle himself and then to raise a family. If the second generation sought higher education it was not for the purpose of pursuing learning for its own sake; they could not do that—original research is still the lowest-paid profession. The second-generation Catholic in this country sought rather the professions of law and medicine, and, of course, made up the rank and file of the clergy. Few Catholics except priests and religious ventured into the field of teaching. Catholic schools and colleges could not, and still cannot, afford to pay lay teachers high salaries, and anti-Catholic discrimination is still strong in secular institutions—after all, with the exception of the State universities, most of them were originally founded to educate Protestant ministers. Until

as recently as thirty years ago even the municipal public schools preferred non-Catholic teachers. And even closer to the present, I distinctly recall, when filing an application at Radcliffe College appointment bureau for a teaching position, being told to omit all reference to the convent high school I had attended, although I myself was at that time a Protestant. All this makes it clear that the lay Catholic

scholar, unless a person of private means, was unable to pursue his vocation. The scholar-priest or religious is still in most cases overwhelmed with his teaching and religious duties, and to him sleep is more important than burning the midnight oil.

The deplorable condition of Catholic scholarship in this country is not so much owing to a lack of productive scholars, as it is to lack of opportunity; and the condition appears even gloomier when one pauses to consider the vast amount of original research and critical analysis in the fields of literature, history, economics, and the political sciences that can be properly interpreted only by Catholic scholars.

How can this be done, since the average American does not understand the purpose of learning merely for



the search of truth, or of education that does not have a practical end? The study of pure science has its practical application, as proven to every living soul by the atom bomb. It is not difficult to convince wealthy trustees and prospective donors of the need for scientific laboratories in Catholic universities. But for the cultural branches of learning the need for endowment is denied—worthy charities and philanthropic causes are preferred. The fact that Catholic scholarship is Catholic action is generally overlooked. The Church and learning go hand in hand. The torch of learning burned brightly in the monasteries of Europe during the dark centuries following the fall of Rome. The Church nurtured the universities of the Middle Ages. The first critical historical research stemmed from the French Benedictine monastery of St. Maur. The Bollandists led the way in critical biography. The tradition is rich and it must be given an opportunity to bear fruit in the United States.

The charge against the quality of Catholic scholarship cannot be passed over lightly. Once again, the fault lies partly in the believed necessity for published work by college teachers. Many members of college faculties are not by nature scholars; they do not possess the scholarly mind. Others race for a doctorate and "get away with" inferior work. It is unfortunately true that the quality of much original research from Catholic universities in the field of history (to mention only the field with which I am most familiar) does not come up to the average

standards of the great secular universities. Dissertations presented for the doctorate do not necessarily "make a contribution to learning," nor are they always presented in a truly scholarly fashion.

Since the non-Catholic dominates the scholar-world in the United States, Catholic scholarship must not only be equal to the best but must be superior to it. Mere publication does not suffice. It does no good to cry for more Catholic faculty members with more published work to their credit. The work must first be Catholic and then scholarly; the scholar must be both theologian and historian or whatever his chosen field may be. That does not mean that the Catholic scholar must have a Catholic axe to grind. Scholarship can never be divorced from truth and objectivity, and Catholicism is, above all, objective truth which touches every sphere of human knowledge.

The first need, then, is to produce Catholic scholars who are better trained as to means, methods and approach. The best facilities should be at their disposal; their work should be unhurried; it must be thorough and able to withstand the most critical adverse scrutiny. There are great Catholic scholars in the United States today, although I venture to claim that the majority are of foreign birth and European training. Let us have better-trained scholars. Let us encourage scholars and give them every opportunity to work unhampered by economic or teaching burdens.

Ring out, joyous bells

Manuel Buaken

been published in Christian Science Monitor, Tomorrow, Reader's Digest.

When I came to Batangas City that day in the spring of 1945, I thought I should never hear a joyful sound there again. We came as the rear echelon of the combat troops; we were the occupational team of the liberating U. S. Army. We came to live in the universal color scheme of liberation in the Philippines—black and green. Black for bombed, burnt, blasted homes, schools, churches, hospitals, bridges; green for the eternal springing of new vegetation from the fertile soil, green symbolic of resurrected hope.

It was only a few days after the Japanese had been driven out. We came by long, dangerous detours from Leyte, bypassing embattled sections of jungle and mountain, going south from Manila by way of Tagaytay Ridge, a famous scenic route of pre-war days, now a "killer" of shell holes and blasted bridges, of corduroy roughness, heavily overgrown with cogon and far from beautiful.

I rode in one of the jeeps with our Commanding Officer, Colonel Baber. We were PCAU (pee-caw) Philippine Affairs team number 11. The other jeeps and supply trucks followed, with other officers and men and equipment. We were tired, dirty, battered, and the jeep bucked, bounced and slewed on the dangerous road.

As our convoy drew into the center of the wrecked city, the kids sighted us. By the time we reached the Municipal Building—the one building left standing in block upon block of devastated homes, stores and schools—they were a mob around us. A mob—ragged, hungry and sick. But cute kids, and lovable. And our hearts were sad for their wants and miseries.

Then there was the hurry-up job of getting our base camp established, quarters for our unit of thirty-nine enlisted men and ten officers. The officers were American, but we enlisted men were Filipinos. This was our homecoming. We had been in the United States, most of us in school there, when war struck our homeland. We were happy to be a part of the United States Army; we were proud of our regiment, the First Filipino Infantry; and we were especially glad when General MacArthur ordered the strongest and most intelligent men taken out of that regiment to form teams for this occupational duty.

Darkness came while we were still at work at this job of getting mess halls and kitchens set up, of seeing to our immediate water supply, of getting tents erected for the enlisted men, a spot for our vehicles and a warehouse for our supplies. And all the while the people kept gathering to watch us. They were weak and sick, they were

ragged and hungry; and fear and despair emanated from them like a poison gas, a lingering memory of horror and pain.

We slept deeply, for our bodies were exhausted. We slept in spite of the rumble of artillery from the sides of Mt. Makiling, where the Japs were holed up in caves and the 11th Airborne was blasting them out, one cave at a time.

We slept and dawn came. The birds began to twitter a little. Then there was the loud sound of a bell, pealing out, clamoring, calling out—a joyful sound, the first bells of liberation, the first hymn of praise to God from battered and broken Batangas.

Five o'clock in the morning! Colonel Baber awoke and spoke to one of his officers: "Church bells, isn't it? Come on, Brownie. Let's go." But the younger man only grunted and went back to sleep.

So the Colonel got up and went off to join the people. A number of enlisted men joined him, and I was among them. We saw the people getting up stiffly from unsheltered bivouacs by the side of the road, or in the wreckage of their homes, and we followed them to the Plaza. In front of the wrecked church, we saw that the wreckage had not been complete. The bell tower still functioned, although it had a Pisa slant. It continued to cry out, "Praise God!"

And in front of the wrecked church, where the great Plaza still had its old trees with wide-spreading branches, we saw that there were huddled hundreds of homeless persons, many of them ill, many of them refugees from other parts of the Philippines.

I went along with the Colonel, although not a Catholic either. I met the good Father, but I can't tell you his name, for the press of many events and assignments in the Philippines has taken it from my memory.

We knelt and prayed, as the bell was silenced, and there in the Plaza, the priest blessed us all and our work of liberation.

We then proceeded with our complicated task in the province of Batangas. We had many devastated cities—a large assignment to cover. It was our job to restore law and order. The first step in this field was to install officers of local civil government—pre-war officials if they were to be found and had been loyal—mayor, chief of police, etc. We were charged by the Army with the task of procuring laborers, often many thousands of them, for Army construction work; and to facilitate this project, we were given supplies to feed these laborers and their families. We were also charged with the duty of setting up public dispensaries in each town, to see to the purification of the water supplies, to administer American relief food to the most destitute. This last was a problem—for our supplies were so meager, and the need so horrifyingly great.

But the priest made the decision for us, the decision as to who were the most deserving of the most destitute. And the way we came to hand over this decision to him is a story you should know. First, we found that he was the strongest force in revivifying the people. We found him going over the city, directing the homeless and hun-

gry to take shelter at the Plaza, while he himself scrounged up food for them, and most important, found them cooking pots. You don't think that's important? Then you have never lived through postwar chaos in a tropical country. Many of the people had not eaten for days, had had no hot food for longer than they could remember. They had only the ragged clothes they wore, and their hunger and disease. Dysentery and typhoid were rampant as a result of the contamination of the water and air by the unburied and decaying bodies everywhere.

This Father, of his own initiative, went that same day to the XIV B Corps Base Depot, the supply of the combat troop as well as our own, and there begged, pleaded, demanded until he got hundreds of tin cans, discarded food containers, especially gallon and half-gallon cans. When these had their tops cleanly cut off they made pretty good cooking pots. The refugees huddled in the Plaza could find firewood nearby—wrecked houses provided that—and with these pots they could have hot food. That is, they could when the Father brought it in—some rice, camotes, bananas and fish. And so the people had food, hot food, that nourished and strengthened them, and was free of germs; it was the first rehabilitation work in Batangas, the first hot meal since their liberation.

So Colonel Baber decided that this Father would justly administer the relief rice and canned fish and the clothing supplies that we had to give free.

We also had another class of supplies, a part of which was loot, that is, goods taken from the Filipinos by the Japanese and recaptured by the U. S. Army, and by that fact belonging to the U. S. Army. These and other supplies belonging to the Army we were authorized to sell to civilians, at the pre-war price-scale set by the P. I. Government, so as to put the black market out of business.

We had to give priority in these goods to the families of those men who answered our call to become laborers for the Army. In the Batangas region, we hired some 30,000 of these, so we were able to see to it that many families got fed.

In all the Philippines there was no transportation except that provided by the U. S. Army, for all modern roads and bridges had been blasted; all railroads, busses, motor-cars and motor-boats had been put out of business. Cattle and horses had, of course, all been killed by the Japanese, along with the carabaos, the pigs and chickens.

And the Army had the first duty of providing transportation for its own men and supplies, for the enemy was still at hand and dangerous. In our Civil Affairs work we had authority to provide transportation only for rigidly limited classes of civilians—for men reporting for duty as soldiers, for priests, ministers, nuns and nurses.

Thus the Army, which doesn't operate on sentimental grounds, was recognizing the vital role of the priests in



restoring the morale of the civilian population and in spear-heading the enormous task of reconstructing the Philippines.

The Army did its work, and we went away. It is now almost two years since that joyful morning when the church bells pealed out in Batangas from the tower of a war-wrecked church.

The Army did its work for the Philippines. The Philippines gave its all for God and country. But has the Christian world done its share for the Philippines? My country could have bought peace by renouncing Christianity, by giving up the fight and surrendering to the pagan enemy.

The Philippines never gave up, and for this faithfulness, my country and my people have been smashed into the ground. And now they are forgotten.

I had a letter recently from my home town of Santa Cruz, Ilocos Sur—a progressive, industrious province before the war. The letter came from my high-school chum, Victor Lacagan—once a sturdy athlete, now a tottering old man of thirty-two, a victim of both malaria and tuberculosis. He reported to me that there are still no able-bodied men in that region, there are no carabaos

to turn over the soil and there is no seed to plant if the land were plowed. And there are still no cooking pots. "We are forgotten by Church and State, by God and Country, and only greed and misery remember us," said Victor.

When I visited my home in that spring of 1945, I stood beside the grave of my mother—she died in a mass massacre just a few weeks before I was able to get through—then I went on to survey the wreckage of my home. Somewhere in that blackened ruin was the wreckage of my mother's priceless collection of old Sanskrit manuscripts; there also were the great earthen jars of beauty and historical interest, telling in pictures tales of India and China and Arabia—there also was her Singer sewing machine, and the deeds to all our property.

It is so all over the Philippines. Everything is gone! The Philippines is alone, deserted, friendless—and Christianity slumbers indolent and smug, content with Red Cross donation and UNRRA double-talk.

And I often wonder—was that good priest all wrong when he commanded the bells to ring out joyfully from the wrecked church in Batangas, that early dawn in 1945?

Negro youth and religion

Vincent Baker

(The author of this article, the second in a series, is not a Catholic. When he speaks of the "Negro church" he means the Negro Protestant religious bodies. Herein he describes some of the youth activities of these various groups. EDITOR.)

Negro Americans are widely and rightly considered to be deeply religious. The Negro spirituals are about the most American thing in American culture. This being the case, it seems only logical that the Christian religion, fundamentally the most revolutionary philosophy at work in human affairs, should be the driving force behind any effort by Negroes to right the wrongs of which they are victims.

And so it was at one time. In the days of slavery, the church—then quite literally any place in which people worshipped together—became a rallying point at which the thirst for freedom was stimulated, sometimes by direct appeals beyond earshot of the overseer, far more often by subtle means. The spirituals about Canaan very often really meant Canada, and the telling and retelling of the story of the Children of Israel held real meaning for the untutored, but not unintelligent, minds of those who listened. The church gatherings became places at which escaping slaves could seek information about stations on the "underground railroad." Plans for slave uprisings were sometimes matured at these meetings. Such meetings were finally suppressed.

Our Negro youth today have other and more serious concerns than jazz and jitterbugging. Mr. Baker here studies their interest in religion and its impact on the Negro community.

He cannot as yet, alas, write of any major effects of the Catholic religion amongst American Negroes.

The Negro church since Emancipation, as far as social services is concerned, provides a sharp and pitiable contrast to that of the slavery era. Perhaps this is because preaching was more readily lucrative, required less pioneering than other occupations, and therefore attracted a somewhat conservative, "easy going" leadership.

Whatever the reason, the Negro church has fallen behind virtually every other agency purporting to render public service—the school, the press, the labor union, the groups fighting for equal rights, even the political club. A good measure of the extent to which this is true may be found in the fact that the bigots of the nation heap far less abuse—almost none—upon this institution than upon any other operating among the Negro people. The pastors are considered a "stable element" because they teach humility, meekness, patience and a reliance on justice and plenty in the hereafter—good precepts, but turned to bad uses when offered as a substitute for efforts to secure a more abundant life here upon this earth.

In the last few years, however, the Negro church—and I use the term because it is for the most part a segregated institution—has made considerable progress. This and other factors make Christianity a dynamic force in the lives of an increasing number of Negro young people. Let us consider some of the other factors first.

In 1934, at about the time the American Youth Congress, motivated largely by the teachings of Karl Marx, was being organized, the United Christian Youth Movement, motivated by the teachings of Jesus Christ, was also formed. It adopted as its motto the words "Christian Youth Building a New World."

The program and ideas of the United Christian Youth Movement have reached many churches. Not a few of them have been Negro churches. The UCYM issues pamphlets from time to time presenting the Christian approach to personal and social problems and outlining programs for dealing with them. The material in this pamphlet series ranges in subject matter from boy-girl relationships to world order. The literature provides valuable background material for discussion and action in local church youth groups.

Many young people render valuable service and acquire valuable experience working in UCYM's "caravans." These groups visit comparatively small towns carrying the Movement's message and helping the church youth leaders in these towns to develop meaningful worship and discussion programs. The caravans are very often interracial, and white young people reached by them are often thus given their first experience with Negroes on a comparable cultural and educational level with themselves.

The work being done at Winnipesaukee, a UCYM camp in New Hampshire, is having good and far-reaching effects. Young people selected from all of the seaboard states, including the South, go there for two weeks during the summer for courses centered around personal and social problems. The instruction received is perhaps surpassed in value by the experience of living, learning and playing with young people of diverse backgrounds and races. It is said that the changes which even so brief an experience brings in the attitudes of some Southern white youth are truly remarkable.

The United Christian Youth Movement consists, as one might expect, of regional, State and local councils. It is also a world movement, represented in each country by national councils.

It is widely agreed that one of the most effective local units in the nation is the Greater Harlem Christian Youth Council. With no endowments, no periodic subsidies, not a single paid worker, and with pitifully limited office facilities, the Council carries on a program of service to church youth groups that has made it the envy of not a few similar organizations.

It sends out volunteer deputation teams to local churches. These teams do on a local scale what the UCYM "caravans" do on a national scale. It prepares and sends to church youth groups monthly program packets containing material which help with recreation, worship and discussion programs. It carries on periodic institutes which give local church youth leaders information which will better equip them to lead. It sponsors wholesome social affairs. It cooperates in social action projects sponsored by secular groups, such as Modern Trend and the National Council for a permanent FEPC.

The highlight of each year's program of the Greater Harlem Christian Youth Council is its annual conference. This is a three-day affair. It deals with some theme of great social significance. Delegates from secular as well as religious youth groups attend. Speakers and discussion leaders are drawn from many fields according to their special competence.

It need hardly be said that the carrying on of such a program under the limitations already mentioned requires great sacrifice. I recommend that those publicists who have built up in the public mind the stereotype of Negro youth as frivolous "jitterbugs" visit the Council's office at the Harlem YMCA. They might learn something about Negro youth.

And now back to the Negro church. Several Harlem churches have been conducting a novel and rather interesting experiment. They have sent Negro children to stay for two weeks or so with white families in New England. One church sends them to Vermont, one to New Hampshire and one to Massachusetts. And, yes, white families send their children to stay for similar periods with Negro families in Harlem. Not only has the sky not fallen, but some beautiful friendships have resulted, and the children are invited back.

Though they have a long way to go, Negro churches in the nation's crowded cities are making a beginning in becoming community service agencies. They are putting trained workers on the church payrolls. Some churches have credit unions and social action committees.

As the Christian message and its social implications reach more and more Negro youth, an ever larger number take their places as State and national leaders, recognized and consulted by religious workers of all races. There could, I think, be no greater tribute to the Christian faith than being able to record some day that Negro youth, who, according to agnostic and atheist argument, should have least reason to embrace Christianity, played a major role in spreading it and applying its truths to the problems which must be solved if we are ever to build a free, happy and peaceful world.

LOOKING FORWARD

The Sinarchists in Mexico undergo a periodical roasting at the hands of writers in the United States. What is the truth about their present condition and program? The Rev. Dr. James A. Magner answers this question next week in "Sinarchism today." You will recall his article on the same topic in AMERICA for November, 1945.

Where shall we find roofs over our heads in the coming years? "Wanted—more homes," by Father William J. Gibbons, states the dilemma that faces us.

Personal impressions of West Point, derived from a recent visit, will be given by Father Robert A. Graham, with the problem of the Catholic cadet particularly in view.

Epitaph for a citizen

Margaret Devereaux Conway

We are but creatures, limited in our daring. Yet in our high ages of thought we have taken the incommunicable name of God and clothed it anthropomorphically. And similarly, in our high ages of living we have transmuted the inexpressible mysteries of ourselves into colored signs and symbols no more resembling us than our terms for God betray the essence of His Deity. These thousand things, the painted gardens of our art, the stern incisions of our sculpture, the smaller glories of our handicrafts, the tumbled colors of our flags and shields, have become our hallmarks, the flat images of our civilization; forever presaging our completeness as the created ones of God, yet pointing out with clarity the images of candor and of warning.

It is the delight of this lesser stage of symbolism that one man can portray another through the simplicity of images rather than the complexity of portraits. This ease of imagery, when confronted with the complexity of Charles Péguy, has an inescapable attraction. The hand is swift to draw the argent shield of his pellucid intellect, quartered with the fleurs de lis of his beloved France, with chanticleer and oliphant, the cock and the horn, all singularly French in name, but universal as the images of candor and of warning.

Péguy's affections were bounded on all sides by France. He loved it with a wry affection that was paradoxically impassioned and unbiased. In his poem on "Liberty" Péguy delineates the manner of his love for all things good, for France as he knew her good underneath, yet marred by many imperfections:

When you love some one, you love him as he is . . .

God says . . .

I alone am perfect.

It is probably for that reason

That I know what perfection is

And that I demand less perfection from those poor people.

When was this written? It is noteworthy to remember. This real tolerance, this deep apperception of reality was penned in the early part of our century, when the whole world was a tumult of success. Few of those who realized that the golden hours were only tinsel-gilt saw the world so kindly, or dared to love it in spite of its ever widening griefs. Péguy, a peasant, sat down in a small (not too successful) bookshop in Paris, and from the profound well-springs of the centuried traditions of his estate wrote of his country with unerring common sense. He would never have tended so purposely towards truth if

he had not also been a Christian, at first in the atavistic sense that all Europeans are, with their unconscious roots imbedded inextricably in the rich soil of the Mediterranean; then in the fullness of the faith.

You can taste this sap of sixty centuries; you can feel it being pressed off the point of his pen into those cumulative essays and poems, those trepanning criticisms of the modern world, so plain in structure, so outspoken in statement, that few perceived their weight and fewer understood them. So far have we strayed from simplicity.

Everything Péguy wrote or said tended to express that mainspring of his whole existence, that trinity of necessities without which it is impossible to live—a God who has personality; a nation (for him, France) that has individuality; and a man who has probity of character. In his arduous return to the faith, he himself tested every one of these values: his own stern, somewhat startling honor (witness his marriage) was the key to his comprehension of what he desired France to be; his understanding of the soul of France was the key to his comprehension of the necessity of God. For without God, nations, as well as persons, are incapable of being, of identity; or if they have existence, that existence is distorted and unfruitful.

It was his great sorrow that he saw the soul of France withering away and none there to weep for it. How wrathful he became!

His salvation as a person, and the restoration of France to its true completeness were inextricably bound together. Slowly but surely he turned from socialism to the deeper socialism of the gospel phrase "seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things will be added unto you." He was convinced that the salvation of the workingman, his ease, his honor, his delight in living were related to the preservation of the Christian soul of France, and that these two entities, so needful for each other, derived their being and their character from God. We are constrained in our actions by the mysterious flux of time—within which God works on us and we accomplish His designs. Péguy outlines this in his essay on the Roman soldier: "Certainly one of the greatest mysteries in the world, and perhaps the greatest, is the disquieting, the mysterious place reserved for the temporal in the total mechanism, and thus in the government, in the destiny of the spiritual."

Christianity had amalgamated three ideas that had their beginnings in the basin of the Mediterranean: the dignity of the intellect that was Greek citizenship; the pride of accomplishment that was Roman citizenship; and the spiritual content that was Hebrew citizenship. Christianity fused these three qualities into an indissoluble entity—and gave them all to the poor. Never had such a thing been conceived before. The social revolution

this gift created was the most profound in history. He who labored could now share in the wisdom that is the gift of the Holy Ghost; he could do his daily labor with integrity and joy, rejoicing that its perfection could echo a total perfection; and could walk before kings to the judgment seat.

It was because a new social revolution had engulfed the earth, reaching out to destroy this one civilization where the poor had honor, destroying this probity of work, this dignity of labor that had animated the working-class for a good millenium, that Péguy protested. To him it was of the essence of man to work and to work well; work was a matter of honor and a source of the strong laughter that comes from a man who has been allowed in his turn to create. How he pleaded for it. "We have known," he stated,

an honor of work exactly similar to that which in the Middle Ages ruled hand and heart. The same honor had been preserved, intact underneath. We have known this care carried to perfection, a perfect whole, perfect to the last infinitesimal detail. We have known this devotion to *L'ouvrage bien fait*, to the good job, carried and maintained to its most exacting claims. During all my childhood I saw chairs being caned exactly in the same spirit, with the same hand and heart with which this same people fashioned its cathedrals.

How thoroughly this has changed, how incredibly the *bouleversement* has been accomplished we need but look about to see. Péguy speaks as one waking a friend at the beginning of a long night, before daylight may even again be thought of. His lament recites the glories of the past—the deep, ineradicable conviction that once prevailed that a hard-working man was assured against dying of hunger; that his very industry was his shield and protection; that age added to his dignity and repose; that within his little house of poverty he was free and secure. This was the Christian sentiment

until 1880. Today the "Christian" has to be modern. Such are the commandments of these temporal governments. Such are the powers of the world. It is undeniable that Christian ethics themselves have suffered this deep distortion. It was reserved for us to inaugurate this new state. In short, Christendom had little by little extended to the temporal order this saying that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and that whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased" . . . It is reserved for us to inaugurate this regime where he who does not exalt himself is all the same abased.

In the face of this he was no coward.

Early in the day, far earlier than many others, he echoed the ideas of *Rerum Novarum*, published by Leo XIII in 1891. Péguy in his small shop, harassed by cares himself, pleaded with continuous sharp insistence through the opening years of this century that the workingman be allowed to live in frugal comfort. Before others he savored the sour leaven, the taste of decadence, in the bread of the industrial revolution. He knew to what depths of desolation this bread which is stone would plunge the land. Already the effects were in evidence—most prominently in the working class quarters

where only angry Christians and atheists dared to go. He saw, as his later compatriot Belloc saw and described, how heresy not only withers the soul of a people, but lays waste the land. As a converse he does not imply that the good are successful, but that they are fruitful, in the fulfillment of the promise of the gospel.

He rose slowly to a clear realization of this fact. The waters of faith flowed upward with almost invisible ascendancy. In 1900 he saw only the harsh and hurried declivity of humanity . . . "It is a dreadful anguish," he wrote with quiet despair,

to foresee and to see collective death, whether it be that a whole people goes under in the blood of a massacre, whether it be that a whole people reels and succumbs in the retrenchments of battle, whether it be that a whole class dies at accelerated speed under the stress of the work which is supposed to give it food. And as humanity possesses no inexhaustible reserves, it is a strange anguish to think upon the death of humanity.

Intellectually of socialist persuasion, he was deliberately ignorant of God. If anything, he conceived the Deity as sitting apart, impassively watching the wild circus of the world's suicide. That there could be a Spirit brooding over the world, or that a hidden grace would be working an unexpected resurrection, he did not even consider to be in the realm of possibilities.

In the face of this, it is astonishing how quickly the citadel of his disbelief tottered. In 1907 we find him writing: "To cry, to moan; both are cowardly. I except the term to pray. Prayer is an act of another order than

are the other two."

Joan of Arc, whom he revered as a Frenchwoman, and loved with the guileless love we all give heroes of the heart, was proving again that she is also a saint.

In all those years from his day at the "Normal" until 1910 when he finally published the manuscript, he had been putting her life into his words, and she had been putting her faith into his heart—slowly, surely, with the skill of a quiet and great tactician. St. Joan was his sole contact with the mind of the Church. Her instruction of Péguy is incredibly deep and true. Their relationship is one of the most amazing and touching records of the charity of the communion of saints.

To touch upon the manifest religious character of Péguy's work beyond the period when he published the work on Joan of Arc, is only to point out the obvious, and is, truly, beyond the aim of this essay. Our concern is with his ardent concern for his fellow-men, his theocentric humanism, burning like a brand uplifted on every page of his published work.

To us, as to him, is given the same choice. We can convert our day, "ransom the time," as St. Paul so magnificently puts it, by one of two modes. (Please understand that no matter which choice is made, the dominant implies that the servient is an integral part of it). We can choose the first of the great commandments "to

love God" as our primary rule, and turn to the Gethsemane of contemplation; or we can work our salvation equally with that of our fellowmen, in the cyclonic revolution of loving him equally with ourselves.

Péguy chose the second way. In a singular and Christian sense, he made himself a citizen of this world. He loved the world deeply, unpossessively and generously. He fought for it; somehow one feels that in his death he did more than die for France, that, rather, he died for all that was good in the fact of our temporal existence. His epitaph, which he wrote with perhaps unconscious premonition, bears this out.

Blessed are those who died for carnal cities.
For they are the body of the city of God.
Blessed are those who died for their hearth and their
fire,
And the lowly honors of their father's house.

For such is the image and such the beginning
The body and shadow of the house of God.
Blessed are those who died in that embrace,
In honor's clasp and earth's avowal.

It is the epitaph of all who die in the same cause—the establishment of the kingdom of God among us—the epitaph of countless Catholic Actionists today.

English 3-4 A: Winter, 1946

Frost stars the pane; snail-slow the dial hand creeps;
The heater—government issue—hums a-low.
Mouths yawn; pen, papers rustle; eyes are bleak
Remembering another December day
Not quite so nodding-drowsed as this gray one . . .
As if Odysseus and the Argonauts
Were to return to lessons . . .
The manual directs the apprentice teacher:
"Questions at intervals." So, athwart the text,
Lepanto's gongs and guns, the query strikes:
"Has anyone seen the Mount, St. Michael's Mount,
There where the image clapped its 'wings of stone'?"
Perfunctory. Ready to answer it himself.
When, like a thunderclap, a mighty buffet
Delivered by archangel spear on high,
From one who wore the brave gold in lapel
Comes the reply: "Sir, only from the air."

Only from the air! Not then as William saw,
Eyes narrowed, from weathered saddle, musing on
Saint Michiel de la mer del peril,
Before the great fleet sailed from Valery Bay,
Bound from the hook of Crotoy to Beachy Head;
Taillefer at his side, the jongleur who

*Devant le duc about chantant
De Karlemaigne e de Rollant
E d'Oliver e des vassals
Qui morurent en Roncevals.*

Nor yet like Henry Adams of Boston town,
Pilgrim in time and space to the Norman crag,
Plodding, laborious, tourist, up the west front.

(*From the edge of this platform, the eye plunges down, two hundred and thirty-five feet, to the wide sands . . . He is the conqueror of Satan, the mightiest of all created spirits, the nearest to God. His place was where the danger was greatest: therefore you find him here . . . Here we do not feel the Trinity at all; the Virgin but little; Christ hardly more; we feel only the Archangel and the Unity of God.*)

But, like Michael himself, broad-pinioned, albatross strong,
Breasting the currents of air to poise from above
On a point of geometry sharp, foreshortened, eyrie plane-tilted,
Piercing the heart of the earth, a twanging lance launched
from God.

CHARLES A. BRADY

Unlimber your pens!

The exact definition of a short story is, I suppose, something on which experts could wage a right merry battle. Some would hold that what we get today under the name are not short stories at all, but rather sketches, vignettes, etc. Certainly, the story element is often submerged in favor of mood, atmosphere and suggestion.

However one may agree or disagree on just what a short story is, there is little doubt that it is with us to stay. You have only to check the number of short-story collections published every year to be convinced of that. And if the genre is permanent in our letters, it has its importance.

It is rather puzzling, therefore, to witness the relative dearth of competent Catholic short-story writers. There are a few in the country, as Sister Mariella Gable's two collections, *They Are People* and *Our Father's House*, evidence. But there are not nearly enough, and they are needed to lift the tone of this sector of literature. Turn to the *New Yorker* sometime and see how that magazine gains (as it readers do, as well), from the contributions of a Brendan Gill.

The announcement, therefore, by the Catholic Press Association, of the 1947 annual short-story contest to be run by its Literary Awards Foundation, ought to attract wide interest among Catholic writers and a corresponding good volume of manuscripts. Prizes range from \$150 to \$50; any number of stories may be submitted by the same author (no one story to be over 4,000 words); the contest closes March 31; religious themes are not essential; entries must be sent to the Contest Chairman, Catholic Press Association, Box 389, Davenport, Iowa. Further information may be had from the Catholic Press Association, 600 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 5.

May I be brash enough to make a request of the Catholic Press Association? If no really prize-worthy manuscripts turn up, please be brave and announce that no prize will be awarded this year. Pardon the suggestion, for I know that you feel the same way—we do want Catholic writers, but we want, even more, to keep the sights high and shoot accordingly. H.C.G.

Books

Can we work together?

TRIAD ON RUSSIA

The Strange Alliance (by John R. Deane. Viking. 344p. \$3.75) is the latest appraisal of the possibility of a good American-Soviet relationship. Written by Major General John R. Deane, former head of the American Military Mission to Moscow (1943-1945), the book has no claim to be an expert work on the subject. Yet it is a lively and rather sensational story of long and frantic efforts on the part of a handful of American military men to get wartime cooperation with the hard-pressed Soviet Union.

General Deane went to Moscow with great expectations of having a successful mission. This was a reasonable expectation, inasmuch as he was empowered to give the Russians as many supplies under the lend-lease provisions as they wanted, while, in exchange, the Americans were exceedingly modest in their demands: a few air bases in the Soviet Union for shuttle bombing. It was not much, it seems, in return for several billions worth of war matériel which the United States whole-heartedly sent to an ostensible ally.

But after two years of red tape, frustrated evasions, unfounded suspicions on the part of the NKVD, and ever-growing demands for more and more supplies and a second front, the picture grew much dimmer for the American general. He simply could not conceive how a government for which the United States did so much could be so cold, unfriendly and even belligerent. Since the Russians did not even trust themselves, this behavior actually was a natural consequence. But it was almost inconceivable to the Western mind to have to wait long months for the release of American war prisoners recaptured by the Soviet armies from the Germans, as was the case during General Deane's stay in Moscow.

The author draws a clear distinction between the ruling class and the common people of the Soviet Union. The former are cool, mistrustful and suspicious, while the latter are simple-minded, with great admiration for the Americans and their equipment.

The concluding reflections of General Deane's book are most important and timely. The Soviet leaders have not

given up—as yet—the doctrinal belief that communism cannot live alongside capitalism and democracy on the same planet. Therefore, it follows that communism will sooner or later overpower the other doctrines. Furthermore, as General Deane found for himself, the Soviets much prefer to deal with those who "stick to their guns" rather than with those whose political principles change daily according to their expediencies and moods.

Edwin Hallett Carr, the author of *The Soviet Impact on the Western World* (Macmillan. 113p. \$1.75) is a professor of international politics at University College of Wales and a writer in the London *Times* on international relations. Prior to 1936 he was in the diplomatic corps.



His book is an attempt to present realistically the Soviet system and its enormous influence upon the world as a whole. Professor Carr accepts the fact that the Soviet Union is in Europe to stay, with its great physical and ideological power. His main contention, however, is that the many-sided Soviet impact upon our civilization is making such rapid strides only because of the absence of any striking accomplishments of democracy as such.

The victory of 1918, he points out, was commonly regarded as the victory of democracy, although no democratic progress was assured thereafter. The Allies failed to become champions of democracy between the two wars, and even the Atlantic Charter, predominantly Wilsonian in ideas and phraseology, made no mention of democracy. The author goes on with a contention that Stalin, consciously or unconsciously usurping Woodrow Wilson's role in the previous war, again brought democracy to the forefront of allied war aims—a statement that it open to severe challenge and criticism. In the economic field as well as in the social,

according to Professor Carr, Soviet "planning" is a contributing factor to a new social and economic order, as opposed to the school of old economists, who maintain that all planning should be arbitrary and "irrational."

It is obvious, of course, that the author takes the Soviet social and economic achievements at the face-value of figures and statistics presented yearly by the Soviet State Planning Commission. His deductions, if compared with the actual material well-being (human rights not included) of the Soviet masses, are readily seen to be vulnerable.

In international relations, he claims further, the Soviet Union is ahead of the rest of the world in the conduct of its own propaganda and in its capacity to nullify the propaganda of other countries. The author admits that the success of propaganda depends in the long run less on the technical skill than on the appeal of the ideas behind it. In that respect it should be added that few people realize the importance of Pope Pius XI's Encyclical of 1937, *Divini Redemptoris*, which attributed the success of communism to "a propaganda so truly diabolical that the world has perhaps never witnessed its like before."

Commenting on the present expansion of the Soviet Union, Professor Carr states that the failure of Napoleon and Hitler to conquer Russia opened the way for the new *Drang nach Westen*, although in the author's opinion "nothing in the Russian tradition supports a policy of military action in Europe beyond the eastern zone." Perhaps it should be recalled that the Crimean war, the Russian intervention in the Balkans in 1912 and the present battle for the control of Trieste, were and are aimed at the extension of Russian strategic points in the heart of Europe.

On the whole, the author seems to overlook the fact that the Soviet system exists because it is supported by a vast armed force and ruthless police, just as fascism and nazism were—and not because of its vitality and prosperity. The great masses of people under Soviet control, including the new Soviet generation, would unhesitatingly prefer to live by Western democratic standards, instead of Soviet, had they had the opportunity to do so.

Behind the Iron Curtain (By George Moorad. Fireside Press. 309p. \$3) can be called the work of a global reporter. On a combined writing and broadcasting assignment for CBS, the author visited Sydney, Melbourne, Kwajalein,

This is the story behind the book:

When Father Delaney was on the Staff of *America*, he contributed *The Word*, a weekly column discussing, developing the Gospel of the Mass. As he says:

"I intended to find the topic of the sermonette in the Introit of the Sunday Mass, and in the refrain of the Introit carried through the other prayers of the Mass, the Collect, the Epistle and Gospel, the Gradual, the Offertory and Communion hymn. The Introit is, after all, the 'theme song' of the day's Mass. Many a time some little phrase from the Introit of the daily or Sunday Mass will linger in the mind and recur like the line of a song throughout the day. Songs half remembered are persistent and plaguey things. Thus, it is very helpful to look at the Introit the night before to find just such a phrase, and to make an effort to pay attention to it during the Mass itself, and to remember it throughout the day."

The Word was very popular—with lay persons as well as with Religious—and there were many requests it be put into book form. This was done, and the first volume, "We Offer Thee," was tremendously popular, although currently out of print.

Last January it was decided to put the remainder of Father Delaney's columns into another book. He was in the Philippines, and there were gaps to be filled. He had tried to continue the columns, but the difficulties of mail from the Philippines made it impossible. In fact, only a violent typhoon, disbanding the classes, gave him time to write the columns finishing the book. So the book was written in New York and Manila, and under many difficulties.

This is the man behind the book:

Father Delaney, then in Rome, was the first to announce to the world the election of the present Pope, and did the famous five-hour broadcast that was carried over all the English speaking stations of the world. He returned to New York in 1939 to organize and conduct the Institute of Social Order, the coordinating agency for all Jesuit social-welfare groups in the United States. In 1940 he founded the Family Retreat Movement, and was always one of its chief enthusiasts and hardest workers. In 1943 he joined the Staff of *America*, and continued until late in 1945, when he went to the Philippines, where he is now Dean of Studies at the Ateneo.

This is the book: IN HIM WAS LIFE

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Chungking, Shanghai, Cairo, Teheran and Moscow. Afterwards he was sent to Mukden, Manchuria, being one of the first group of American correspondents to witness Soviet looting of that country.

But it was in Moscow (from October, 1944 to April, 1945) that the idea of his book originated. Prefaced by William L. White, Mr. Moorad's book is a vivid account of a reporter confronted with a multitude of difficulties in a totalitarian state. While Allied correspondents freely covered the crucial battles of the Western front, the American writers in Moscow sat in the Metropole Hotel, rewriting the stories of Russian war correspondents. It was the closest to the Russian front that any American correspondent in Russia ever came.

An objective reporter, implies Mr. Moorad, back in the United States, has to maintain a discreet silence should he desire to go back to Russia or any of the Soviet-dominated countries of Eastern Europe. The Russians, he points out, have a keen interest in those writers who upon their return to America write about the beauty of Russia, praising her far-sighted altruism and extolling her ideas of brotherhood. But since the great majority of American correspondents are soundly democratic, it is hardly surprising that as a rule they have an extremely difficult time writing or broadcasting from Moscow.

Behind the Iron Curtain should be read by those people in America who cannot believe that the "Russians are not just like other people."

WALTER DUSHNYCK

Not another Main Street

DULCIMER STREET

By Norman Collins. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 637p. \$3

This, I must admit, was my first introduction to Mr. Collins; I resolve from now on (not having time to go back and catch up on his earlier works), to keep an anticipatory eye open for whatever else he sends us from his native London, because this was a treat.

First of all, it is a rich slice of London life; in one sense, the city is the hero of the book. Yet, with that indefinable flavor of half-cockney, half-aristocratic independence and wry self-criticism that gives the tone to the city and the book, there is nothing provincial or chauvinistic to lessen the appeal of this fine story.

This is so because Mr. Collins has the rare power to overleap bounds of age and nation and give us the essence of people, of human nature. There is a large gallery of characters in the book—all the inhabitants of the various flats or apartments into which No. 10 Dulcimer Street has been subdivided, and their friends elsewhere. Some are families, like the Jossers and the Boones; some are lone boarders, like Mr. Puddy and Connie, but they are all distinct and living people in Mr. Collins' pages.

More than distinct, they are human and engaging—not always admirable, but never the butt of cynicism or contempt. Percy Boone, for example, is a young man of vacuously adolescent mind which day-dreams (from a diet of gangster movies and pulp magazines) on getting into a good racket which will prove to "Them" (anyone in authority, but preferably the cops) what a smart little genius he is. He ends up with a life term for manslaughter, but his silly, wasted young life takes on a sort of perverse grandeur in the light of his equally silly, but good, mother's devotion. Connie, the old hat-check girl at a tawdry night-club, is indomitable, an inveterate cutter of corners and cadger of free teas, but a trouper to the end, which comes when she drowns trying to save a cat in the Thames.

Mr. Squales, the fake spiritualistic medium, is the most fascinatingly devious confidence man, with an undertone of the macabre about him, especially in the two scenes where some darker power than his own chicanery moves in on him during seances and presages his ultimate complete possession.

On the less bizarre side are the Jossers, who are really the central figures of the chronicle story. They are as real and important as the Mr. and Mrs. of Webster's cartoons. They squabble and make up, they understand one another as only husband and wife can after forty quite happy married years. They go through the agony of having one son killed in the war (which enters only toward the end of the book), and through the lesser throes of marrying off a daughter and buying a house in the suburbs.

One could go on enumerating the traits of the vigorous characters, but what is more important is the contrast this book offers to the clinical examination of character which is ruining American fiction. Mr. Collins' people are alive and exciting and worthy of acquaintance and sympathy because he is in love with every one of them. He knows them as one knows people with

whom shoulders are rubbed every day, not as a steely-eyed psychoanalyst knows the patient whose abnormalities he is probing. Some denizens of Dulcimer Street are queer ones, but Mr. Collins is not the one to call in Freud for consultation.

This a huge and sprawling book and the characters take a little living with, but I guarantee that after you have shared their lives for fifty pages, you will hate to say good-bye to them at the end of 600. I like Mr. Collins, and I think you will, too, because he likes people, not Londoners only, but just people.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

WAYFARERS' FRIEND

By Courtenay Savage. Bruce. 121p. \$2

Combining the popular legends of St. Christopher with the lesser known ones, Courtenay Savage has produced a most readable and much-needed account of the life of this popular saint. This posthumous publication, fortunately completed before Mr. Savage's untimely demise, is written with the lucidity and simplicity of a fairy tale. Withal, it has a virility matching the physical and spiritual prowess of the great saint.

The three-way division of the book provides an interesting tieup of ancient with modern times. The opening chapter introduces two sailors—non-Catholics—asking for St. Christopher medals from a U.S.O. hostess. The middle section, and of course the largest portion, is devoted to a biographical sketch of this magnificently simple man and his quest to render service to the greatest Ruler of them all. Relinquishing his noble heritage and all wordly honors for the "blood-stained cross" of martyrdom, St. Christopher is another exemplification of the power of prayer—the prayers of his devoted mother; and of the force of the timeless query, "What doth it profit a man . . .?"

The last few chapters describe the cult as it has existed and been passed on, mostly by word of mouth, from country to country from generation to generation. Special emphasis is given to the widespread devotion to St. Christopher during World War II.

So, as Mr. Savage has deftly put it, "it was a sailor whose request suggested this volume, and a soldier who speeded the actual writing." But to persons in all walks of life, of all creeds, this little book will help lighten life's burdens.

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JOURNEY THROUGH MY YEARS

By James M. Cox. Simon and Schuster. 446p. \$4.50

While hardly "the thrilling story of a full and exciting life," this autobiography of James M. Cox does contain much interesting and important information, enough, in fact, to repay the tedious job of wading through pages of trivial and irrelevant asides. The style and development of the book is not exactly what one would expect from a skilled and successful newspaper publisher, resembling more the rambling reminiscences of an old man. The detailed genealogy of the Cox family and the random account of the author's early years slow up the story considerably.

However, when he finally gets down to his political career as Congressman and Governor, the book becomes much more interesting, for Cox played an active and at times important role in the movements and reforms of 1910-1920. But even here the countless asides detailing the accomplishments, character and background of nearly every character mentioned in the story are at times confusing and irritating.

In spite of these defects, Mr. Cox has given us a valuable book of political reminiscences; valuable for its inside information on so many important events, and no less so for the opinions and views expressed, for, coming from a man of recognized good judgment, fairness and integrity, they cannot help but command respect. For over forty years Mr. Cox has been a fighter in the cause of true liberalism and political reform, a fervent supporter of Woodrow Wilson and, with a few reservations, of the New Deal. He has actively supported both in public office and in his newspapers, the social, political and humanitarian reforms of Wilson and Roosevelt.

A firm believer that world peace can be secured only by international co-operation, he courageously championed the League of Nations as a Presidential candidate in 1920, although he knew it meant certain defeat, and has been one of the most ardent supporters of the United Nations. As Governor of Ohio in 1913 he led the fight for revision of the State constitution, securing the adoption of clauses dealing with education, workmen's compensation, prison reform and the like, which were considered quite radical in those days.

Of special value to history are the author's comments on the League of

Nations controversy and the London Economic Conference. In treating the former he charges Lodge and others of subordinating the nation's welfare and their own expressed principles to political partisanship. He blames the failure of the London Conference on inadequate preparation and the bungling interference of Raymond Moley; he implies also that part of the blame was due to Roosevelt's refusal to consider any plan which could possibly interrupt the upward swing of prices here.

While Cox's admiration and esteem for Roosevelt are deep and sincere, he is not uncritical. Although Mr. Cox has been a newspaperman for nearly forty years, and an able one, as is clear from the shrewd and dispassionate appraisals of leading public figures of the past few decades, Wilson, Harding, Davis, Smith, Willkie and many others, this aspect of his career does not receive the treatment it deserves, especially since it is in this field that he has exerted the greatest influence and accomplished the most good.

Let us hope this book will be as widely read as it deserves. It is an important contribution to the history of our times.

F. J. GALLAGHER

THE SHOWMAN OF VANITY FAIR. THE LIFE OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

By Lionel Stevenson. Scribners. 393p. \$5

There is some dispute, in scholarly quarters, as to just what Thackeray meant by his scornful prohibition to daughter Anne: "Let there be nothing of this when I am gone." Even if he were merely enjoining a sanctimonious family memoir like the piddling filial memento of Tom Hood which was the occasion of his contemptuous remark, and not necessarily all biography whatsoever, the result was that materials for a full Thackeray biography were not made available until this winter's publication of the monumental Gordon Ray collection of letters and papers.

Trollope's fine little brochure was biography from the outside; so, in fuller form, was Lewis Melville's attempt; and Professor Dodds, in his study of some years back, was able to add only the Mrs. Brookfield complication to the known facts. *The Showman of Vanity Fair*, for all that it is the fullest treatment yet, cannot be regarded as definitive, either, for it has apparently not availed itself of the massive Harvard compilation made by Dr. Ray. But, all

in all, it is probably the best general biography to date of the gentle Cornish giant who modeled and cast his sardonic puppet show after his own lamentable life.

Professor Stevenson has been content to embellish the familiar outline with copious but selective detail and admirable background color. As for literary criticism, what little appears is good; but the student who is interested primarily in this latter rarity will be well advised to turn back to Oliver Elton, to the luminous remarks of G. K. C. in his *Victorian Age in Literature* and, even better, if harder to get at, to the same critic's almost unknown preface to the rare Thackeray anthology published by Bell in the Masters of Literature Series.

Professor Stevenson gives the reader some striking insights into the very human personal ambivalence that made Thackeray alternately crave fame and scorn his craving; he puts down his mania for pseudonyms mainly to a "sincere humility"; he is sympathetically perspicacious about the naive tuft-hunting which once caused Clifton Fadiman to label this anatomizer of snobs a necrophiliac. One of the best things about the present capacious portrait is the series of vivid tableaux for which one can find no other epithet than Thackerayan: the picture, the example, of Charlotte Bronte's spirited onslaught against her gigantic friend, "as if a little brown moor-hen had flown at him." On the very Victorian visits to those revenants from Horace Walpole's century, the Misses Berry; one estimates wistfully the great capital, in the vein of his Victoria plays, Laurence Housman could make out of such exquisitely minor social comedy.

Professor Stevenson has too much Caledonian common sense to follow the Freudian line too far. Mrs. Brookfield takes her proper place in the story; their due proportion, but no more, is allotted "the pretty actresses of Paris" who figure in the letters. One new aspect suddenly illuminates the author of *Vanity Fair* with more than the brightness of a Vauxhall flare; he was born elegiac, doubtless, but the story he told over and over again, of Dobbin and Amelia, of Clive Newcome and his cousin Ethel, was the story of his father and mother and stepfather. The saddest thing of all this most autobiographical of novelists never told; and it meant very little to the generation which came immediately after him to read, in an obituary notice for January 11, 1894, that the melancholy "widower's" wife had actually survived him by more than

thirty years. The pathetic Irish bride had been mad since the early days of their marriage; in that fact lay both the tragedy and the triumph, novelistic as well as personal, of the great novelist whom John Henry Newman, echoing Augustine, once saluted at his death as an *anima naturaliter Christiana*.

CHARLES A. BRADY

THE HUMAN FRONTIER.

By Roger J. Williams. Harcourt, Brace. 301p. \$3

When St. Augustine remarked that man is an abyss, he was not uttering an empty platitude. Modern scientists are catching up with the Bishop of Hippo and want to commission a new science to deal with man. This new science, here advocated by a distinguished bio-chemist, under the title of humanics, would recruit its data from all the sciences that deal directly or indirectly with man. This data would be organized and then applied to solve the problems that confront mankind today. Science would be invoked to show the "how"; whereas religion would still have to provide the goals and ideals. Finally man must have the will to pursue the goals and use the information which the sciences have so patiently amassed but never fully correlated for the purpose envisaged by the science of humanics.

Problems there are and they are numerous, too. Dr. Williams enumerates and deals with some of them: education, marriage, health, employment, politics, crime, alcoholism, bigotry and race problems and even war. He aims to marshal the data which the various sciences offer on these problems. One would expect a bio-chemist to be primarily interested in whatever biology and physiology have to offer. But the other sciences, such as psychology and sociology, are not neglected. Though a biologist, he does not belong to the strict hereditarian school that would give credit to heredity for everything. Neither is he a Watsonian environmentalist. He is really a middle-of-the-roader. But, like so many others who belong to this category, he does not assign the real reason for the fact that man is not inevitably determined, namely, that he has a will. And although he does reject, as I understand him, a monistic biologism, he does over-estimate the importance of biology in human problems.

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body and mind, but it is equally true that a person with normal heredity can stand, for instance, quite a bit of endocrine dysfunctioning without serious repercussion in personality. This does not mean that man does not feel the dysfunctioning, but it does imply that man can comport himself normally despite the feelings. Again, the fact of non-specific heredity, in regard to crime, alcoholism and other things, points in the same direction. Granting the fact of individual differences, which the author abundantly illustrates, people can and must conform to common standards of morality, esthetics, etiquette and the rest, and can achieve precious dividends in the process.

What we need to know is not so much the fact of individual differences, for instance, in employee and employer, but how to set in motion the springs of action. We need to know how to provide the motives that will bring men to espouse the proper goals freely. That resolves itself, it seems to me, into a

mutual recognition of rights and duties, divinely sanctioned, and therefore above all individual petty interests. And that will involve a common effort to dispel the widespread moral and religious illiteracy current in America today. Science, especially Williams' science of humanics, can indeed help man solve man's problems, by giving him a fuller understanding of himself and of the conditions that pose a problem, but the solution will be in terms of charity and justice applied to the problem. And shrewdly Williams attributes that to religion.

There are a few regrettable errors in this book, which maintains an otherwise lofty tenor, such as his suggestion of sterilization for certain classes, and in regard to divorce. On the whole, the book reflects the enlightenment of a far-sighted biochemist, who has marshaled for us much important but heretofore scattered information about the nature and the problems of man.

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The Word

ALTHOUGH CURRENT REFORMS in religious education are doing much to restore our heritage, many Catholics have lost the savor and sense of liturgy and have little appreciation of that organic pageant which is the liturgical year. Septuagesima Sunday is a case in point. Rooted in deepest antiquity, rich in tradition, its meaning is in large part lost on the faithful. They see the priest vested in mourning purple, they may notice the suppression of the joyful "Alleluia" and catch the spirit of seriousness blowing through the Mass of the day; but they miss the main message of all these rubrical stage directions to a dramatic truth.

In ancient days, elaborate ceremonies impressed the people with the significance of the day. In the Cathedral of Toul, as Father Herbert Thurston recounts, an effigy representing the "Alleluia" was actually interred with all the rites of book and candle; Ulric of Cluny mentions that "at Septuagesima fat is buried along with the 'Alleluia'"; and a medieval hymn known almost everywhere in Western Europe is an actual farewell to the "Alleluia." The minimum meaning of all this is that our spiritual ancestors did not take Septuagesima lightly.

One of the verses of that farewell hymn gives the real reason behind the day. "Alleluia," says the hymn, is the glad song of eternity which will ring forever, but it cannot always be the cry of "mourning exiles" by the sad waters of Babylon. Our transgressions require us to mute it, from time to time; on this day, because the solemn season is coming "when our tears for sin must flow." Septuagesima inaugurates a period of three weeks to prepare for Lent and its whole spirit is one of penitance. The "Te Deum," the swelling hymn of praise, is silenced; man is reminded of his debt to God.

The Introit of the Mass is the seventeenth Psalm, which depicts the psalmist as surrounded by the groans of death, the griefs of hell, and indicates the Lord as the one source of solace and strength. The Collect is an admission of guilt, a plea for mercy; and the Office of the day is in the same sad strain.

The excerpt from Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians might have been written to athletic Americans, so apt is the imagery. Paul had spent some

eighteen months in Corinth, in the Christian family of Aquila and Priscilla. He had approached that lusty and brawling sea-port, he says, "in fear and much trembling" (1 Cor. 2:3), but God had blessed his work with a thriving colony of Christians. They were living in the greatest political and economic centre of Greece, a commanding port of Mediterranean shipping. So disreputable was the city that the phrase "to live like a Corinthian" (or, as H. V. Morton translates it, "to Corinthianise") was a proverbial description of degeneracy.

To his Christians, therefore, Paul writes a strong exhortation to take example from the athletes, to be in spiritual "condition," to keep their souls clean, hard, sinewy and strong, ready for combat and competition, prepared to fight for the crown of salvation. There is no place for spiritual smugness; even he, the great apostle, runs the risk of being rejected unless he keep his flesh in subjection and his soul alert. To have the grace of conversion is not enough; one must persevere. "Therefore let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall" (1 Cor. 10:12).

This call to self-examination and correction is reinforced by the Feast of the Purification, in which the sinless Mary and Her Divine Son humbly obey and submit. They are at once a rebuke and an inspiration to us.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

Theatre

TEMPER THE WIND, by Edward Mabley and Leonard Mins, is a story of intrigue and love in the American zone of occupied Germany. Whether it is a faithful reflection of conditions or not I am unable to say; mainly because—and this confession may get me fired—I have neglected to read several informative articles on the subject in preceding issues of AMERICA. It is certainly a plausible story which, while weak in suspense, is rich in topical interest.

The leading character is a lieutenant-colonel trying to make the Potsdam agreement work and his antagonist is a German industrialist scheming for the priorities that will enable him to get his factory in production. It happens that the colonel and the industrialist were friends before the war. When the colonel was a student in a German

university, the son of the industrialist, since executed by the Nazis, was his closest friend. While visiting his pal's family, the then student, now colonel, fell in love with his friend's sister. When the Nazis rose to power, the industrialist, motivated by his passion to keep his factory in operation, forced his daughter into a loveless marriage with a fanatic member of the Party.

With the colonel's fraternal and romantic memories to work on, the industrialist expects to encounter no great difficulty in obtaining the priorities he so desperately needs. It turns out that the colonel has been influenced by "hard" peace theories, and worse, from the industrialist's point of view, he is a man of principle. His orders call for complete denazification of his area and he intends to enforce those orders, without regard for Auld Lang Syne. The result is a conflict of loyalties which partisans of didactic drama will find highly exciting.

Temper The Wind, produced by Barnard Straus and Roland Haas, resides in The Playhouse. Reginald Denham directed and Raymond Sovey designed the sets. On the acting side, Reinhold Schunzel, the industrialist, Blanche Yurka, his Prussian sister, and Walter Greaza, an American business man, share top honors. Thomas Beck, the colonel, Vilma Kurer, the industrialist's daughter, and Tonio Selwart, an unreformed Nazi, are good enough in their respective roles. All lesser roles are capably interpreted. In the hands of less competent performers, the production would lose a great deal of its persuasiveness.

THE BIG TWO, by L. Bush-Fekete and Helen Fay, is another play concerned with international affairs. The authors arrange to have an American girl meet a Russian boy in Austria. They get in an argument about their respective cultures and before they know it love has entered their lives and their two hearts are beating as one. The way to a peaceful world, it seems, is to abolish State Departments and Foreign Offices and turn the business of diplomacy over to an international lonely hearts club.

Elliott Nugent and Robert Montgomery are the producers, and the latter partner directed. The set and lights are Jo Mielziner's. Claire Trevor and Philip Dorn, in the leading roles, will hardly win any new laurels during their present appearance in The Booth.

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THE LOCKET. The psychiatric casebook, along with those handy reductions of life to seven basic plots, is still an important source for scenario writers. This film dips deeply into the melodramatic uses of schizophrenia as the boy-meets-girl formula is superseded by a psychological pattern in which a girl runs head-on into her subconscious. The constant movie-goer will find it a comparatively simple case, even without program notes by Dr. Jung. The diagnosis—or plot, as it was called in the unscientific past—indicates that the unfortunate subject is suffering a reverse run of the garden-variety guilt complex. Her anti-social inclinations toward murder and theft are explained as rationalizations of an unhappy childhood during which she was falsely accused of pilfering a locket. This adverse conditioning leads, of course, to an adjustment by evasion, in which she allows an innocent man to be condemned for her crime. Her frustration cracks on the barrier of the law, and she regresses to the point of infantilism. However, lest life become too obvious to be entertaining, John Brahm's directions points up a few chilling situations, and Laraine Day, Brian Aherne, Robert Mitchum and Gene Raymond lend their best histrionic efforts toward keeping motion pictures "a recognized mechanism for multiple defrstration." If there are any adults remaining who have not taken the complete course in abnormal psychology at their local theatres, this production should round out their misinformation without unduly sharpening the entertainment taste. (RKO)

SWELL GUY. Mark Hellinger again proves himself a too-eager student of the seamy side of life in this typically tough presentation of one of the lower forms of humanity. The central character, introduced by the ironic title, is a returned war correspondent who drops into the bosom of his family with the calming effect of an atomic bomb. The details of the story add up to the impression that our hero is a many-sided scoundrel who is prepared to run off with his sister-in-law as a climax to his checkered career. He is killed off nobly while saving the life of his nephew, but that suggestion of a redeeming feature is merely an index to

the methods used throughout the film to disguise essentially sordid situations. Frank Tuttle's direction subordinates everything to the portrayal of a minor blackguard, and Sonny Tufts, Ann Blyth, Ruth Warrick and William Gargan are competent in two-dimensional roles. There is hardly enough worth on the production side to make this palatable to adults. (*Universal*)

LADIES' MAN. There is a suggestion of cannibalism in any film satire on radio entertainment, and this comedy itself is old but not vintage entertainment. An Oklahoma yokel who has struck oil is tricked by a woman broadcaster into becoming a prize on her program. He is besieged by fortune hunters until his wells run dry, and finds true love in the person of his original deceiver. William Russell's handling of the comic details does not make them any more comic, and there is evident reliance on specialties, including Spike Jones's orchestrated cacaphony, to pull the affair through. Eddie Bracken, Virginia Wells and Cass Daley are featured in an uneven adult romp. (*Paramount*)

STRANGE JOURNEY. Given a less erratic story line, this melodrama about tropical uranium deposits would have been a tense little adventure, but it meanders into mediocrity because of structural weaknesses. An American gangster saves an atomic secret from left-over Nazis in the process of his reformation. James Tingling's direction is strengthened by sharp characterizations in the hands of Paul Kelly, Osa Massen, Hilary Brook and Fritz Lieber. The result is a fair adult program piece. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

Parade

Time: the two or three weeks before December 15, 1946. . . .

Place: A New York apartment. . . . A fixer for a gambling syndicate is telephoning about his efforts to bribe two star pro-football players of the New York Giants to throw their championship game with the Chicago Bears. . . . The fixer picks up receiver of ringing telephone, listens. Listening also, unknown to fixer, are wire-tapping police. . . .

Voice: Did you tell him it was worth \$1,000 if he could make a fumble in the backfield at the right time?

Fixer: I explained all that. He said he'd call later (Voice hangs up. Police hang on. Fixer calls syndicate headquarters). . . .

Fixer: Hello, Jerry. It's not so sure. M— may make a fumble or two.

Jerry: Then things are not so good?

Fixer: M— said it was not sure. F— said no good at all. M— might make a fumble or two if he has a chance. (Voice No. 2 comes on line). . . .

Voice No. 2: Listen. You'll have to make it \$5,000. With \$7,500 they're bound to see it my way.

Fixer: Okay, okay. . . .

Sometime before these telephone conversations, the fixer had tempted the football players by proffering a substantial cash offer to throw the game to the Bears. . . . Though both players shied away from the production, they kept silent about the attempted bribe, and thus it was the wire-tapping police who exposed the scandal. . . . The fixer was tried, convicted, sentenced to prison. . . . The affair had one beneficial result—it aroused the public to a realization of the evil that gambler come-on men are doing. . . .

Strangely enough, it is easier to awaken the public to the menace of the gambler fixer than to the greater menace of far deadlier fixers. . . . Many people, millions of people indeed, will not believe these deadlier fixers exist. . . . These deadliest of all fixers are the fallen angels from Hell who swarm over the whole world and tempt every man born of woman. . . . We can imagine such a fixer reporting from earth to his headquarters in Hell. . . .

Fixer: B— is coming along nicely. Sensuality is his weakest point. I'm working on it ceaselessly.

Voice from Headquarters: Fine, fine. What about K— ?

Fixer: Not so good. I'm afraid we're going to lose him. I can't keep him away from the sacraments.

Voice: Too bad. However, we can't expect to get them all. You're doing all right. All our boys are doing okay these days. Business is brisker than it has been for centuries. . . .

The infernal fixers achieve better results among people who refuse to believe there are any infernal fixers. . . . That is why the tempters from hell promote disbelief in their own existence.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

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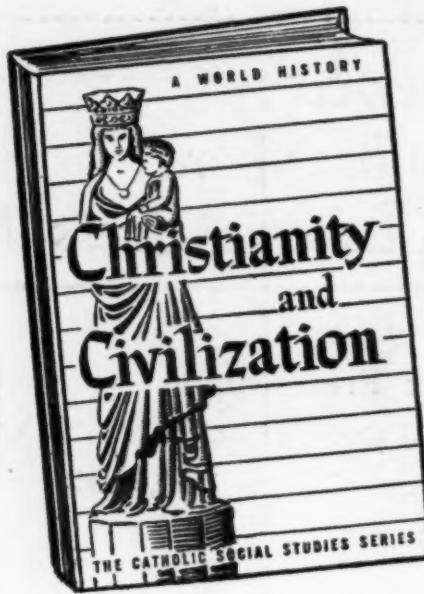
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